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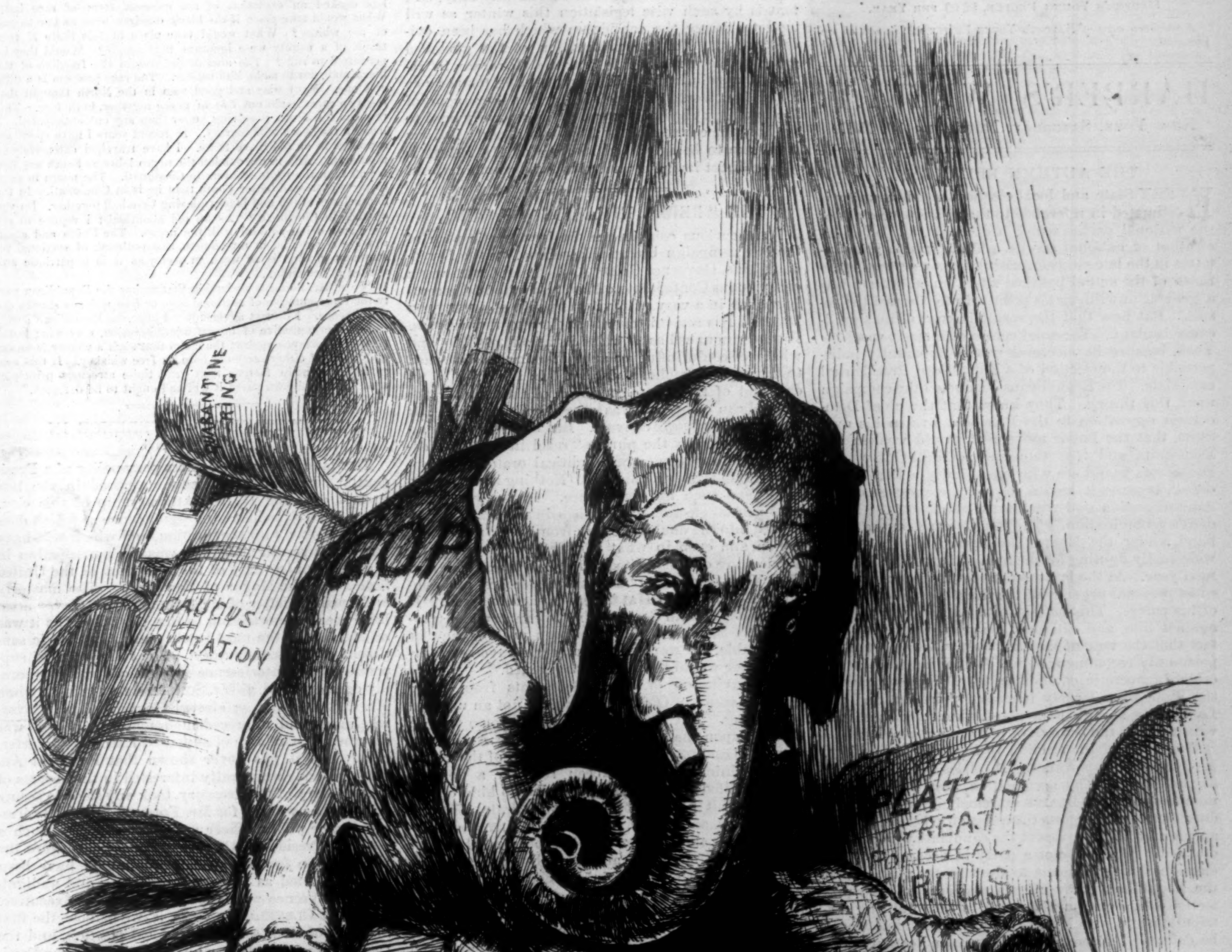
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

## THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

EVERY State and local election in this country is estimated in reference to the relative strength of the national parties which it discloses, and as an indication of national results. There was peculiar interest in the late election, arising from a general ignorance of the actual political situation, and there was a general unwillingness positively to forecast the result. But now that the result is known, its significance is plain. The chief centre of interest was New York, because its electoral vote is apparently indispensable to the election of a Republican Presidential candidate. The Republicans conducted the campaign upon this theory. They knew that the chief Democratic opposition to the President was in his own State, that the Labor movement would weaken the Democrats, and that thousands of anti-Cleveland Democrats would see with equanimity a Democratic defeat, because it would impair the prestige of the Administration and weaken the chance of the President's renomination. The Republicans, on the other hand, under the Blaine leadership of Mr. Platt, were really fighting for the nomination of Mr. Blaine next year. At the last moment the President appeared in personal urgency of the worst local nomination of his party. This action softened the party feeling against him, and although he was rebuked by the fact that the vote of the candidate whose election he personally recommended fell far behind that of the other Democratic candidates, the Democrats carried the State by a largely increased plurality, and the Labor vote shrank to a point which shows that it will not hold the balance of power next year.

The result of the election in New York, therefore, is of national importance. It settles the nomination of the President by acclamation, and it makes the nomination of Mr. Blaine extremely improbable. It does more. It suggests the question whether a party apparently forced to desert the candidate whom it undoubtedly prefers is not a party in decadence. The election this year seems to show pretty plainly that the Republican party upon a platform of high protection and a vast surplus, with its demoralizing distribution, and with Mr. Blaine as its candidate, would be defeated. There is certainly no indication whatever that such a platform and candidacy would win from the Democrats the State of New York or any other State that they now hold, and since an increase of Republican votes in Republican States would be of no avail, it is not easy to see how such a Republican manifesto would be an earnest of victory. The New York *Tribune* says that within ten miles of the New York City Hall is to be found "whatever hold the solid South has upon the government of the country." But if within that area the election of next year will be decided, is the result of this year likely to be changed by a Blaine candidacy and a promise of high taxation? The general result of the election, by giving a sense of greater security to the Democratic party, will tend to the presentation of a definite policy during the coming session of Congress. The President's nomination being practically assured, intrigues and opposition will generally cease, and his recommendations will be accepted as the policy of the party. An executive recommendation for reduction of the surplus by a reasonable revision of the tariff if baffled by the Republican Senate would not improve Republican prospects. No party can successfully ask for popular support upon a platform of high taxation and a corrupting surplus merely because it calls it protection of American labor or sneers at it as a three-cent burden.

The election leaves the Republican party in a very serious situation, and it is not improved by Republican affectation of contempt for mugwumps. In Massachusetts mugwump favor raised the Republican plurality by some 12,000, and in the city of New York the Republican candidate whom the mugwumps supported led the head of the Republican ticket by some 20,000 votes, and as Republican traders generally "sold out" this candidate, the actual figures would be much more significant. The largely increased Republican plurality in Massachusetts, and the decisive and mortifying significance of the Fellows vote in New York, will doubtless show to the President that his party is weakest when it follows the counsels of its mere spoils managers. The Labor vote and the increased Prohibition vote offer no reason for doubting that the national campaign of next year will be a simple contest between the two great parties, with the chances of a more definite policy upon both sides than in 1884, and with the plain proof that all forms of appeal to sectional animosity and the cry of "rebel" will be of no use whatever in changing essential votes. In New York the Republican prospect, it seems to us, can be improved in one way only, and that is by such wise legislation this winter as will tend to restore the confidence which has been evidently lost. Further prosecution of the wretched game between the Senate and the Governor in regard to appointments, and more juggling temperance legislation, would alienate still further the support of the intelligent body of voters. It is certainly hard to see how the chances of the Republican party in New York are to be improved so long as Mr. Platt is able to direct its policy and to dictate its nominations.

## THE "REBEL INVASION" OF OHIO.

BY a curious coincidence the Democratic plan of the late campaign brought into Ohio, on the Democratic side, Governor Gordon, of Georgia, who was a conspicuous Confederate officer, and who had recently spoken in a very extravagant strain of Jefferson Davis. His arrival gave new fury to the canvass. It was announced as a "rebel invasion" of Ohio, and whatever could influence angry feeling was invoked to secure a Republican victory. In the light of today and of the actual condition of the country the Republican campaign was exceedingly comical. It was an *opéra bouffe* canvass. But the essential question suggested by the phrase "rebel invasion" to describe the appearance of a political orator from another State is very significant. Nothing is more common than such an appearance. In the year of a Presidential election distinguished speakers are summoned into the doubtful States from every part of the Union, and even in what is called an off year their services are often solicited. In the late campaign in New York Senator Allison made speeches, and Senators Sherman and Hale were invited to speak. If all the Republican Senators in the country had traversed the State it would have been nothing new or remarkable, nor would the Democrats have been surprised, nor would they have complained.

The invitation of noted Democrats from other States to speak in Ohio was therefore not an unusual proceeding. But it was resented as in some way an outrage upon the citizens of that State. And why? General Gordon was Governor of one of the States of the Union. He had been recently a Senator of the United States. He lay under no kind of disability. But he had been a Confederate officer, a rebel. Yes, and so Mr. Orr and Mr. Key and Generals Mosby and Longstreet had been rebels. But they were all honored and trusted by Republican administrations, and one of them had sat in a Republican cabinet. If to have been a rebel disqualified a man from taking part in an election campaign in Ohio, how was it that to have been a rebel did not disqualify him from making laws in the Senate and executing them in the cabinet? Simply because the Republican party wisely declared, at the end of the war, that a man may have been a rebel, and still a man of honor and worthy of confidence. Because the party wisely held that, notwithstanding his part in the civil war, he could be trusted to sit in Congress and to advise the President, and because the Republican party did not believe that to have been a rebel was to be permanently an enemy of the Union and an unwearied conspirator against the national welfare. If there has ever been, in the sense in which the words were lately used in Ohio, "a rebel invasion," it captured the Republican President Grant when he appointed Mr. Orr Minister to Russia, and the Republican President Hayes, of Ohio, when he appointed Mr. Key Postmaster-General. If rebels are in office anywhere, it is because the Republican party permitted it. If public officers who were rebels come to Ohio to speak, it is because the Republican party opened the way. If rebels are in the saddle, it is because the Republican party knew that they had ceased to be rebels, and were as good citizens as any others. For if such be not the fact, nothing could have demonstrated such complete incapacity to administer the government as to have made it possible for its enemies to control it.

The cry of rebel invasion because a Democrat from Georgia comes to address Democrats in Ohio is the last desperate effort to carry an election by an appeal to passions which have no longer any reason and are fast expiring. It is a cry totally unworthy of a patriotic party and of honorable American citizens. One great need of the country is, not a sectional and traditional prejudice, which would keep orators from the Southern States out of Northern States, and Northern orators from speaking in Carolina and Mississippi, thus fostering and prolonging the old and perilous sectional alienation, but the freest discussion of all public questions everywhere in the country by orators from every State. The effort to maintain this alienation and to profit by it is one of the worst aspects of the Republican policy. On the eve of the election an Ohio Republican, who proposed to support the whole ticket because the State administration had been honest and efficient said publicly in print of the sectional and free-whiskey national policy of the Republicans:

> "The excuse for this is that in places South the negro is not permitted to vote. These leaders know perfectly well that under like circumstances they would not let the negro vote in Ohio. The presence of a few mulatto children in the schools in Ohio has evoked an explosion of the meanest form of race hate. What would take place if the black children were as two to one of the whites? What would take place in this State if two-thirds of a county were ignorant field hands? Would they be permitted to rule? The abolitionist sought the freedom of the black man, not to make him master. The race problem is a difficult one. Many wise and good men in the North thought that the two races could not live in peace together, both free. This problem the South is solving better than any one anticipated. I lived in the South with slavery. In recent years I have spent my summers in an old Slave State. I have travelled extensively in the South. And in my opinion the negro laborers South are better off than the white laborers in Cincinnati. The negro in most respects is treated better South than he is in Cincinnati. In the South I see whites and blacks playing base-ball together. Do you do that in Cincinnati? As an old abolitionist I rejoice to see the South doing so well with the negro. The Union and abolition are secure; so, in my opinion, this outbreak of sectional resentment in Ohio is as weak in policy as it is unpatriotic and wicked in principle....
>
> "Now, Mr. Editor, a leadership that makes the Republican party the representative of sectional hate or free whiskey shocks the moral sense. I protest against it. I hope the Republican party, as the representative of honest administration, may win; but I protest in advance against the claim that such a victory is an endorsement of either sectional hate or free whiskey. If this misguided leadership fastens next year these atrocious principles upon the Republican party, it will and ought to be defeated."

## EXECUTIVE INTERFERENCE IN ELECTIONS.

THE bitterness and reckless personality of a Presidential election were almost surpassed in the late contest over the District-Attorneyship of this city. But a painful incident, the significance of which does not disappear with the election, and which will have important results hereafter, was the participation in the local controversy of the President of the United States and the Mayor of New York. The masterly and crushing letter of Mr. Schurz to the Mayor must have been as mortifying to that gentleman as it was satisfactory to the most intelligent and patriotic sentiment of the community. The folly even of supposed official interference in elections was memorably demonstrated, as Mr. Schurz states, in 1882, when Mr. Cleveland was elected Governor by an overwhelming and unprecedented majority, which was designed as a rebuke of supposed Executive interference. Yet it was never shown that President Arthur, although naturally interested in the success of his Secretary of the Treasury, took any steps to secure it. Had he written for Mr. Folger, a perfectly irreproachable public officer and private citizen, such a letter as President Cleveland wrote just before the late election for Mr. Fellows, it would have been justly resented as a most unbecoming and undignified interference with the election by the Executive. President Cleveland's letter is, we believe, the first instance of such an act in a local election, and the Democratic counsellors who advised it, and the President in yielding to their advice, have greatly shaken the public confidence in the Executive good sense. The letters of the President and the Mayor have illustrated still stronger than before the necessity of separating municipal government from partisan controversy—a movement in which the support of the President and Mayor might reasonably have been anticipated.

Both the President and the Mayor are Democrats. But they have been supposed to hold a view of party and of party relations which is consistent with personal independence and good citizenship. They have both been supposed to be able and willing to observe that propriety which requires a high public officer to abstain from needless and excessive demonstrations of partisanship, and carefully to avoid even the appearance of abusing a public trust to a party advantage. But the earnest personal recommendation of the candidacy of a notoriously unfit person for a public office, merely because he was the regularly nominated candidate of their party, is a perversion of official position which was not to be expected of men of high character and intelligence, who had been supported by large numbers of voters upon wholly nonpartisan grounds. As policy merely, it was most unfortunate. For the chief effect of the letters of the President and Mayor was to outrage and alienate their best friends, and still further to discredit the party to which they both belong. There was no legitimate reason for their interference, and there was every good reason against it. Had they known when they wrote their letters what they knew the day after, they would probably not have written them. The humiliation is not only a warning, but it is a powerful plea against all such interference hereafter.

When a man accepts public office he necessarily surrenders the exercise of certain private rights as a citizen. He is morally bound to promote public respect for the office that he holds and personal confidence in himself. He is bound in every proper way to prevent all suspicion that he misuses his position either for a personal or a partisan object. He is, indeed, a member of a party, and by a party he is nominated and elected. But he administers his office not for the benefit of a party, but of the people, and while upon fitting occasions and in a becoming manner he may justly profess his confidence in the political principles that he holds, he cannot without gross impropriety descend to the mere details of party contention, and endeavor by the weight of his official position to promote the interest of individual party candidates. Neither should such officers, from the President to the Mayor, contribute money for the expenses of an election. The reason is obvious. It is that so long as a citizen holds an office for the general welfare he cannot retain the general confidence if he unnecessarily and offensively identifies himself with the details of party controversy. There is no plainer proof of the general diffusion of a sincere political independence than the fact that both the President and the Mayor have plainly weakened their hold upon the best sentiment of the country by their interference in the local election in New York.

## THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE recent effort to establish an American Opera Company was part of a general scheme to maintain a conservatory or school of operatic art, of which the performance was the illustration. There were many striking and admirable performances, and the energy of the chief promoters of the plan was unflagging. But adverse circumstances of many kinds were overwhelming, and the original scheme has failed. The American Opera Company, however, continues under the name of the National Opera Company, and will make a tour as before through the country. There is no doubt that if it be wisely conducted, and if the completeness and character of the performances remain as they were under Mr. THOMAS, the company will perform a great service in the education of the musical taste of the country. Mr. THOMAS has withdrawn, and has returned with fresh energy and renewed care to the conduct of his incomparable orchestra, which is now giving a series of symphony concerts which have not been surpassed in the country. Among the changes also is the separation of the school or conservatory from the opera company—a change which can hardly fail to be most advantageous to the original purpose of the enterprise, which was to found a school for instruction in the operatic art, which includes vocalism and all necessary histrionic accessories.

The proper place for such an academy is the city in which there are the best opportunities for hearing most frequently the finest artists and performances, and there can be no doubt that New York is that city. Here, therefore, the school will be established, and its scope as rapidly as possible will be enlarged to that of the European conservatories. Besides the strictly operatic purpose, due provision will be made for instrumental instruction, and in the theory of music, with lectures upon cognate subjects. Indeed, the object is the foundation of a school which shall be as comprehensive and serviceable as the chief European schools, with constant reference to American musical talent and promise of every kind. Already there is instruction under twelve professors in various branches. The plan is generous, for it contemplates gratuitous instruction to all promising pupils upon the condition that upon securing professional engagements they shall turn over a certain percentage of their profits to the conservatory for the benefit of other similar pupils. Perhaps, however, as the *Evening Post* suggests, it would be a better plan not to make the instruction wholly free. Clever pupils can always secure opportunities of teaching when they have the credentials of an authoritative academy, and thus they would be enabled to pay their own way.

The expenses of such an enterprise must be large, and, like all similar undertakings, it must depend in great part at the outset upon the interest and liberality of the community. The guarantee of the wise disposition of means and opportunities will be the character of its chief friends, and the scheme will offer another test of the willingness of private resources to compete in the general interest with the public aid for such objects in other countries. One of the greatest of modern capitals will not choose probably always to want a great institution of refined civilization and enjoyment which other such capitals contain. When the voice and genius of JENNY LIND appeared, the young Swede was compelled to leave her native country and to seek competent training in Paris. Stockholm was a small capital, and Sweden could not compete in the resources of musical education with France or Germany or Austria. But when the American talent like that of JENNY LIND appears, it will be an unpleasant revelation of our want of the highest means of developing and training it if we must send the maid of gifts and genius over the ocean to be properly educated in her art. It is to enable us to train adequately our own talent of this delightful kind that it is proposed to establish, and that the generous aid and co-operation of wealthy citizens are invoked to help establish, the National Conservatory of Music.

## THE BRITISH PEACE DELEGATION.

THERE is a pleasant coincidence in the arrival of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to conduct, with his associates and with the United States Commissioners, a negotiation for the adjustment of the pending fishery trouble with Great Britain, and the arrival of Sir LYON PLAYFAIR and his associates to urge upon our government the adjustment of all international difficulties by arbitration. The latter delegation was received respectfully by the President, who heard the addresses of Sir LYON PLAYFAIR and others, and made a reply which, if necessarily general, had the unmistakable tone of sincerity which characterizes all his speeches. He said that he was glad that the effort should be made by the two countries which claim to be in the van of civilization and progress, and that a country which, like the United States, at once demonstrates the advantages of peace and illustrates a military power which removes all suspicion of fear, is in a most favorable condition to consider the proposition. He alluded to the touching support of the plan by English laborers, who feel in the increased cost of living the consequences of war, and who furnish an illustration which American laborers will naturally ponder. Practical measures, however, the President said that he had not considered. But in the administration of government, he said, with a significance which will be generally understood, "difficulty often arises in the attempt carefully to apply ideas which in themselves challenge unqualified approval."

The very task and test of statesmanship is to apply such ideas in a manner which commands general approval and promotes the general welfare; and there is no surer sign that that way has been lost than the dishonoring approval of the bitter enemies of such ideas. When, for instance, the contemptuous opponents of the President's known views smile with scornful patronage upon his course, the President may know that he has gone wrong.

## "STAMPING OUT THE MUGWUMPS."

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD is a mugwump of 1872. He now telegraphs to the New York *Tribune* as follows:

> "Will Republicans of New York kindly take notice that the Republicans of Ohio speak right out on the great public questions? And we are rewarded for our direct methods by success in stamping out the mugwumps, and we have comparatively few prohibitionists. The way to hold the lines of battle is to edge them with fire. And when the Solid South unfurls the broad banner of the Confederate bloody shirt, we do not think it wicked to put up the Old Flag and turn loose the bird of glory."

This must be very impressive to Republicans, because it is the same Mr. HALSTEAD who in the pinch of the war spoke "right out" to Secretary CHASE as follows:

> "Our noble Army of the Mississippi is being wasted by the foolish, drunken, and stupid GRANT. He can't organize, or control, or fight an army. I have no personal feeling about it, but I know he is an ass.
>
> "The President's [LINCOLN] weak, puling, piddling humanitarianism is death and hell to the army. Can't you take him by the throat and knock his head against a wall until he is brought to his senses on the war business? I do not speak wantonly when I say there are persons who would feel that they were doing God service to kill him, if it were not feared that HAMLIN is a bigger fool than he is. And yet the pitiful Congress twaddles weekly in private caucus about political matters, as if a little more nigger would do everything."

Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD is evidently a writer who edges his lines with fire, a person of sound judgment and deep perceptions, a discreet and valuable Republican counsellor, and of a heart pierced with the woes of the colored race.

## HAND-BOOK OF HOME RULE.

THERE is very positive feeling in this country upon the Irish question, but there is little exact knowledge of the facts. The merits of the land question, the conditions of tenure, the real sources of hardship to the tenants, the relation of the land question to home rule, the scope and limitations of the proposed scheme, and the actual force of the arguments for it, are little understood.

But the Irish question is of such gravity that it has rent asunder the great Liberal party, and angrily separated the Liberal leaders; it has absolutely absorbed the attention of the country and the debates in Parliament, and it has kindled party and personal feeling to an unprecedented degree. The interest of this country in the question is enhanced by the fact of the large number of Irish-Americans whose sympathy and contributions have been one of the chief bulwarks of the Irish cause. This has undoubtedly led to a great deal of ignorant political declamation in this country, designed wholly to win votes. But the fact remains that no domestic political question is so interesting and vital to a large body of foreign-born American citizens as that of the relations of Ireland and England.

In this situation nothing is more desirable than some convenient manual of accurate information upon the whole subject, and this manual is just published in London in a handy and solid pamphlet, called *Hand-Book of Home Rule*. It is edited by JAMES BRYCE, member of Parliament, and Assistant Foreign Secretary under Mr. GLADSTONE'S last administration—a man by temperament and accomplishment singularly fitted for the duty. The work is a series of papers supplying complete information both of fact and argument by Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. MORLEY, Earl SPENCER, Lord THORING, Mr. BRYCE, Mr. E. L. GODKIN, Canon McCOLL, and Mr. BARRY O'BRIEN. The tone and temper and thoroughness of treatment are precisely what they should be. There is no mere rhetoric or invective, but a solid appeal to reason, and the work presents the whole case of home rule in a most impressive and conclusive manner. It is indispensable to those who would master the question.

## PERSONAL.

MRS. MARY BLACK CLAYTON, the daughter of the late Judge JERE BLACK, has just published a biography of her father, in which she gives his mother credit for many of his distinguishing traits. She was of German-Irish descent, and was famous for her wit as well as her generally strong character.

—DON CAMERON'S house in Washington was the old TAYLOR mansion, and is very comfortable and roomy. Senator CAMERON has had the good taste to leave the house as it was, as far as arrangement of rooms is concerned, while the taste of his wife has made the interior decorations quite in keeping with the old-fashioned style of the place.

—Senator EDMUNDS and his daughter ride horseback every afternoon through the country lanes about Washington. The Senator is not only a good rider, but he is a good judge of horseflesh as well. It is said that on the day when his friends were trying to get him the Presidential nomination at Chicago he took an early train from Washington and went into the mountain country of Virginia to buy a horse. It was a good animal, and he rides it to this day.

—HARRY OELRICHS, the millionaire cow-boy, who has been leading a wild life on his cattle ranch in Dakota, is now in New York, under the care of his physician. Mr. OELRICHS's athletic training and remarkable physique have led him to believe that his constitution could stand more than that of most men; and so it can, but he put it to too severe a test. The cow-boy life led by most of these young New-Yorkers is more picturesque than practical.

—The late HEZEKIAH SMITH, of Smithville, New Jersey, was something of a character. He began business on his own account at nineteen, and at thirty had passed through bankruptcy, and paid off all his debts. He spent $500,000 on improvements in Smithville, where he had a bicycle factory, and where he built a hall and hired a band-master to teach the operatives to play upon musical instruments. It is said that Mr. SMITH has left his millions for the establishment of a school for the instruction of young men in the mechanical arts, and that his factory is to be run by the trustees for the maintenance of the school.

—Ex-Secretary of the Treasury MANNING is living a very quiet life in New York, taking care of his health and attending to business. His physician has forbidden his walking up and down stairs, so he has had an elevator put in his Fifth Avenue house, which runs from his front hall to the second story. He gives very little attention to social duties. He receives rather than makes calls, and when not entertaining visitors, spends his evenings in reading, and he has an extensive library to draw upon.

—D. O. MILLS has bought the BEN HALLIDAY farm and "castle" at Harrison, New York, on the Sound. It cost Mr. HALLIDAY some $300,000, and its late owner, JOHN ROACH, the ship-builder, spent $25,000 in fixing it up. There is a chapel on the place, in which all of the HALLIDAY family, except the founder, are buried. It is said that Mr. MILLS has bought the "castle" for his daughter, Mrs. WHITELAW REID.

—Mr. EDISON has completed his phonograph, and unless he talks at random it is the most marvellous of his inventions. The phonograph will be about the size of a type-writer, and will work automatically by a small electric motor, which is noiseless, and stops at the touch of a spring. These wonderful instruments can be manufactured so that they may be sold for $60, and five hundred will be on the market within two months.

—Three men who have been Presidents of Yale College are still living. They are ex-Presidents WOOLSEY and PORTER, and the present head of that institution, Dr. DWIGHT. Dr. WOOLSEY makes his home in New Haven, and may be seen on the streets twice daily on his way to and from the post-office. Most of his time is spent in his study, which is continually visited by Yale men of a past generation. Dr. PORTER devotes his time to literary work. He is preparing a book for publication during the coming year, and is supervising the revision of WEBSTER'S Dictionary.

—THOMAS C. HANCE, of Macedon, is the oldest voter in New York State. He has reached the age of one hundred and six, and aside from being a little hard of hearing, retains all his faculties in as good condition as an ordinary man of seventy. His oldest son is eighty-one, and his oldest grandson is fifty-five, while his oldest great-grandson is thirty-three. When Mr. HANCE was born the battle of Yorktown was yet to be fought.

—General JOHN McNULTA, who has been selected to succeed Judge COOLEY in the Wabash receivership, has had a checkered career. General McNULTA was born in New York of Scotch-Irish parentage just fifty years ago. At the age of fifteen he ran away from home to seek his fortune, and he did not return until he was in a fair way of finding it. During the war he fought on the Union side, and has a fine record. After the war he practised law in Bloomington, Illinois, and won distinction at the bar. It is now said that he aspires to be Governor of Illinois.

—M. DIMITRIOS ANTIPPA has recently died in Constantinople, at the age of one hundred and fifteen, retaining his faculties to the last. M. ANTIPPA was a lad in Paris during the awful days of the Revolution. He knew MARAT, DANTON, and ROBESPIERRE personally; he saw MARIE ANTOINETTE murdered on the scaffold, and danced the Carmagnole and sang "Ça Ira" in Madame TALLIEN'S salon. His great age will be better appreciated by Americans when they remember that he was five years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

—PIERRE LORILLARD used to be called the Monte Cristo of racing. His farm at Rancocas, New Jersey, is said to have cost a million dollars, and his blooded mares a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He gave fifteen thousand dollars for the stallion Glenlyon, and twenty-five thousand for Mortemer as a breeder. He has produced some of the best horses of the day. Mr. LORILLARD does not take the same interest in racing that he used to, but has turned his attention instead to Tuxedo Park. His son, however, has inherited his father's taste for the turf.

—The seven unfinished capitals of the corridor pillars in the Academy of Design, New York, have just been completed, thanks to the generosity of seven amateurs of art. Each capital is designated by something to indicate the donor. A mallet appears among the leaves of the carving presented by the sculptor J. Q. A. WARD, while the head of a winged bull, symbol of St. Luke, painter as well as physician, looks from the marble flowers given by Mr. DANIEL HUNTINGTON. Underneath a garland of pears and leaves encircling Mr. AVERY'S capital is a group of engraver's tools, significant of his former profession. The thistles of Scotland and a wreath of roses form the design of Mr. JOHNSTON'S capital. Mr. VANDERBILT'S capital has been carved in grapes and grape leaves, Mr. MARQUAND'S in callas, with the prow of a boat beneath, and Mr. DODGE'S in lilies, with a fish below. The corbels, carved in lower relief on the inner and outer sides of the arches, present among their ornamentation the initials of the respective donors.

## THE HANGING OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

On Friday, November 11th, August V. T. Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Albert R. Parsons were hanged in Chicago for the murder of Policeman Matthias J. Degan.

The Hay-market riot in Chicago occurred May 4, 1886. Three days before, a great strike for eight hours' labor had begun in many trades, and the anarchists of the city had sought to turn to their own uses the excitement thus stirred up. A fight having occurred at McCormick's reaper factory on the 3d of May, between the police and a crowd of strikers, a circular headed "Revenge" was spread about that night, and a meeting was called for the next evening at the Hay-market, Randolph Street, between Desplaines and Halstead streets, "to denounce the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday." August Spies, Parsons, and several others addressed this meeting from a wagon. About half past ten o'clock a strong force of police came upon the scene, and began to drive away the crowd. Fielden had just shouted from the wagon, "We are peaceable," when a dynamite bomb, thrown from an alley, burst in the police column, stretching a great number of the men mangled on the ground. Revolvers were instantly drawn and fired into the crowd, who ran in all directions. It was found that about sixty policemen had been more or less injured, seven of them fatally, Degan dying first. A still larger number of the crowd had been killed or wounded.

Many persons were arrested for complicity with this bomb-throwing. Two of those who were indicted having been released for lack of evidence, seven remained for trial by jury; and on the day when the case was called, June 21st, an eighth, Parsons, walked into the court-room, surrendered voluntarily, and took his place in the dock. The trial ended August 20th, in a verdict of guilty against all the accused. A sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary was imposed upon Oscar Neebe, and the sentence of death upon Spies, Fischer, Engel, Parsons, Fielden, Schwab, and Lingg. The man who actually threw the bomb was never punished. The theory of the prosecution made the attack on the police part of a conspiracy formed the night before, the appeal, "Working-men, arm yourselves and appear in full force," showing the purpose. Evidence of what had been said in the anarchist newspapers with which the accused had been connected, or in their public speeches in favor of exterminating the police with dynamite, was urged against them.

Spies was the managing editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, an anarchist newspaper of Chicago. Born at Friedwald, Germany, December 10, 1855, the son of a forester, he came to America in 1872, began to learn upholstering, and moved to Chicago. He first became a socialist, then an anarchist.

Schwab was Spies's assistant editor. Born August 9, 1853, in Germany, he was an orphan at the age of twelve. He received good schooling, learned book-binding, and plunged into socialism. In 1879 he emigrated to Chicago.

Fischer was a compositor and writer on the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and an ardent anarchist. Born in Bremen, he came to this country at the age of fifteen, learned printing at his brother's office in the West, was married in 1881, and has left a wife and three children. Neebe and Schnaubelt are said to have been reporters for the *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

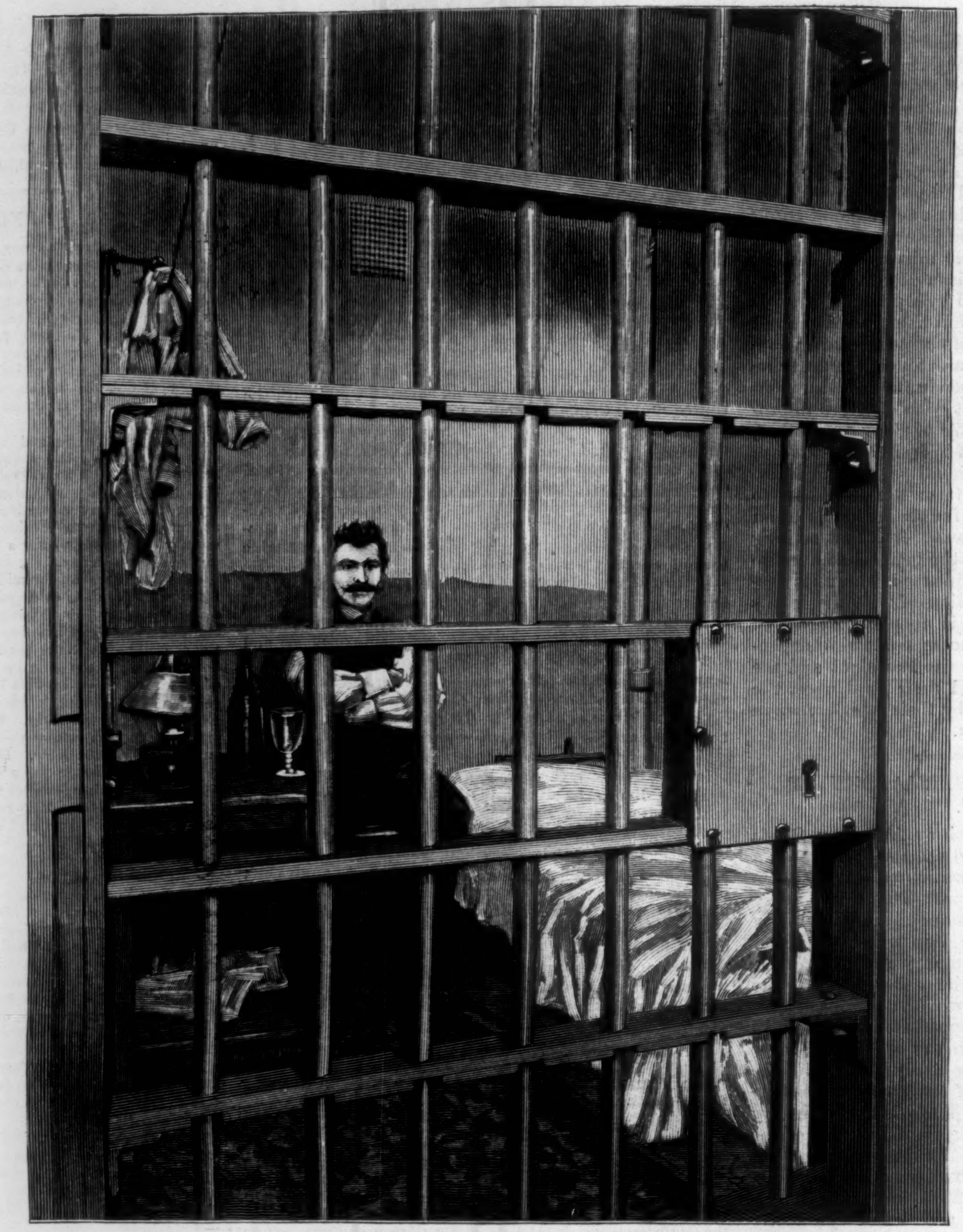
Parsons, born at Montgomery, Alabama, June 24, 1848, was brought up in Texas by his brother, afterward the Confederate general W. H. Parsons. He enlisted in the Confederate army when only thirteen years old, and served through the civil war, after which he edited the *Spectator*, a weekly paper, in Waco. Removing to Chicago in 1873, he became interested in the labor party, then in 1876 was editor of the *Socialist*, and finally edited the *Alarm* from 1884 until its suppression in May, 1886.

Lingg was born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1864, and emigrated only the year before his arrest. He had been an ardent anarchist in Europe, and dynamite bombs, supposed to be of his manufacture, were found in his room.

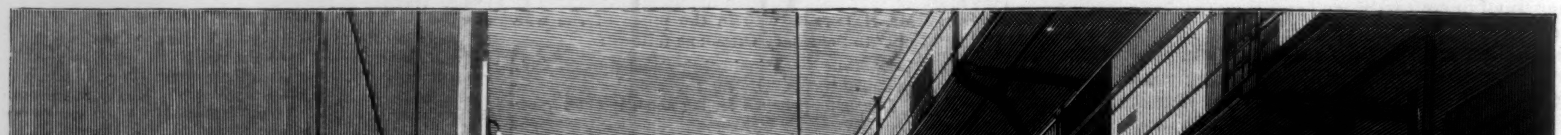
Engel was born in Cassel, Germany, in 1836. His father died before he was two years old, and his mother when he was ten. He came to this country in 1873.

Fielden was born in Todmorden, Lancashire, England, the son of a weaver. He was a good

[*Continued on page* 839.]



AUGUST SPIES, THE CHICAGO ANARCHIST, AS HE APPEARED IN HIS CELL.



THE CORRIDOR AT THE FURTHER END OF WHICH THE EXECUTION OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS TOOK PLACE.

PRESIDENT PAYNE, OF THE STATE NORMAL COLLEGE OF TENNESSEE.
[SEE PAGE 843.]

REV. CHARLES A. BERRY, THE DESIGNATED SUCCESSOR OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. E. PEARSALL.—[SEE PAGE 839.]

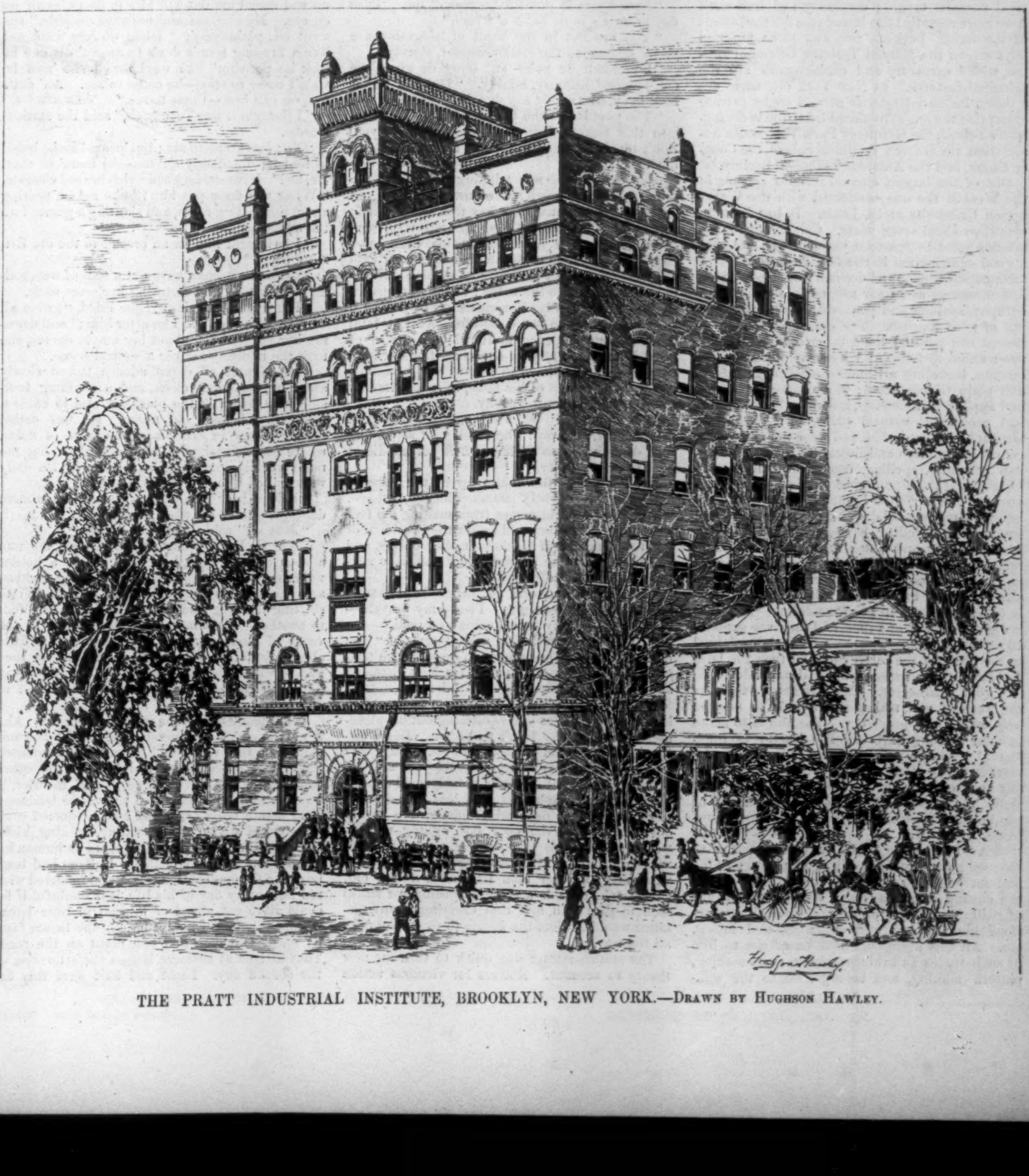
## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

THE Industrial Institute in Brooklyn, erected by Mr. CHARLES PRATT, of the Standard Oil Company, and of which an outside view is given herewith, will be, when completed, the most important enterprise of the kind in the country. The main building is a brick and terra-cotta structure six stories high, 100 feet wide, 50 feet in depth, with an L 37 by 50 feet on one side. The Institute is incorporated under the general law, and the purposes of the corporation, as defined in the act of incorporation, are to establish "an educational institution in which persons of both sexes may be taught, among other things, such branches of useful and practical knowledge as are not now generally taught in the public schools" of Brooklyn. Especially will young men and women have an opportunity to "become acquainted with what is best in manufactured materials, fabrics, wares, and arts, and so to educate the eye and the hand in the practical use of tools and machinery that students may be encouraged to emulate the best models, and be enabled to accomplish the best possible work in one or more branches of art or manufacture, either useful or ornamental." A leading object will be to furnish instruction with reference to the construction of "healthy and comfortable homes; to the furnishing and adornment thereof; to matters of household economy and home management; the preparation of clothing, useful and ornamental; of economic and wholesome foods, and such instruction in sanitary laws and the laws of hygiene as shall tend to secure comfortable and healthy homes at the least expense, and also a careful regard for bodily health." Such instruction is also to be given as shall enable men and women to earn their living by the skilful use of their hands in mercantile, mechanical, mining, and manufacturing establishments; also in all branches of architecture, and by painting, decorating, music, book-keeping, stenography, type-writing, and kindred industries. In the course of time it is proposed to establish a free public library, with one or more branches, to have lectures, and collections of objects of artistic and scientific interest.

A certain rate of compensation will be charged for the privileges of the institution, but the amount will be as low as the necessities of the institution will permit, and all revenues of every kind are to be devoted solely to the purposes of the Institute. The real financial support of the enterprise, however, is to come from the revenues of the "Astral Flats," situated in Greenpoint, Long Island. These buildings were recently erected by Mr. PRATT, and provide apartments for mechanics and working-men at rents ranging from $12 to $30 a month. The cost of the buildings was about $400,000, and the annual income is expected to be from $60,000 to $75,000. The "Astral Flats" are to be deeded to the Industrial Institute, and the annual income from them is to be used in maintaining the educational enterprise.

In the rear of the Institute proper is the Foundry. It is 144 by 95 feet, and two stories high. In the shops in this building the lessons taught in the class-rooms are to be illustrated by practical work. There will be engines, boilers, tools, and such machinery as will be found necessary to supplement the mental training. The whole cost of the Institute property and buildings will be $200,000, and, at the beginning, there will be accommodation for six hundred pupils. The question of industrial education, with special reference to the introduction of the system in the public schools, has been discussed very thoroughly during the past ten years. Commissioner PECK, of the New York State Bureau of Labor Statistics, lately expressed the opinion that the working-man can be very much aided by the establishment of manual training-schools. He says that, as most of the children in the public schools are the offspring of poor men, they can only be at school a few years. "It seems to me," he says, "that they should have a training of the mind and hand during that period which would aid them in earning a livelihood after they leave school. As they are conducted now, the public schools seem animated by the sole thought of turning out book-keepers or clerks, not mechanics, carpenters, and printers."

Professor ROEMER, Vice-President of the College of the City of New York, certainly a high authority in a question of this kind, has



THE PRATT INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

urged the exercise of great care in the introduction of manual training into the public schools. Subjects, under that system, should be taught that are of value to all pupils, without reference to their future calling. Trades should not be taught in schools supported by public taxation, but in separate schools, maintained by private expense. Sewing and cooking might with propriety be taught to the girls. Manual training should have no place in a collegiate course except to practically illustrate the scientific studies pursued. By the recent action of the Board of Education a course of free manual training will soon be introduced into the public schools of New York city. In the report recommending the new educational feature it is stated that “manual training is admissible into our schools only as a means of general and not special education.” The committee suggested that the following types of manual labor should be introduced: Carpenter-work, or the use of wood-working tools, for boys; modelling in clay, for boys and girls; construction work, in paper, pasteboard, and other suitable material, for boys and girls; drawing to scale, for boys and girls; sewing and cooking, for girls. The kitchen and workshop could not be introduced into more than one-third of the grammar-schools of the city during the first year.

We get the idea of industrial education from the Old World, where there are many schools for special training in the industrial arts and in manual vocations. There are nearly fifty class-rooms for teaching cookery in England. In Scotland about 46,000 girls attend schools in domestic economy. Even in Ireland butter-making is taught at a school in Cork, and a year ago there were a hundred farm-schools for boys. In France industrial training was established some years ago, and boys on leaving some of the apprentice schools are able to command fair wages. Special instruction is given in agriculture. Twenty-five years ago a school was organized for the training of women in industrial pursuits. Women are taught dress-making, millinery, printing, the manufacture of jewelry, painting, wood-engraving, silk-weaving, and designing, clock and watch making and repairing. In Germany special stress is laid on the teaching of domestic economy to girls. In Switzerland, Greece, Canada, Brazil, Mexico, Hawaii, and New Zealand there are industrial schools where useful arts and trades are taught to girls and boys.

In nearly all the States of the Union some attention has been paid to the subject of industrial training. In Mississippi there was started three years ago an agricultural and mechanical college where farming and stock-raising are the principal industrial features, and two years ago an industrial college for Southern white girls was opened. At Urbana, Illinois, there is an industrial university, having four colleges, auxiliary schools, and many workshops. Cincinnati is noted for its art potteries and School of Design, where mechanical drawing and wood-carving are taught. At Philadelphia the public-school children receive industrial training—needle-work, clay-modelling, leather and brass work, and drawing, being the principal pursuits taught; carpentry and iron-work have more recently been introduced for the benefit of the boys. Between two and three hundred boys attend the Manual Training School at Boston, where carpentry and cabinet-work are the principal features. In New York city there are a dozen industrial schools carried on by private enterprise, the most prominent being the Workingman's School, the Gramercy Park Tool-house Association, the Hebrew Technical School, the Cooper Union, and the Amateur Technical Society.

One of the largest manual training schools in the West is the one connected with the Washington University at St. Louis. It has been in operation about seven years. Candidates for admission must be fourteen years of age, and pass a good examination in the fundamental rules of arithmetic, common and decimal fractions, weights and measures and their use, common-school geography, spelling and penmanship, and the writing of good English. The course of study embraces five parallel lines; three intellectual and two manual, as follows: 1, a course of pure mathematics, including arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and plain trigonometry; 2, a course in science and applied mathematics, including botany, physical geography, natural philosophy, chemistry, mechanics, mensuration, and book-keeping; 3, a course in language and literature, including English grammar, spelling, composition, literature, history, and the elements of political science and economy; 4, a course in penmanship and free-hand and mechanical drawing; 5, a course of tool instruction, including carpentry, wood-turning, blacksmithing, and bench and machine work in metals. The boys are taught, in class and in the shop, in sections of about twenty each. In the shop each boy has a set of edge tools, which he is obliged to keep in good condition. The tools are given out one at a time, and their use explained and illustrated. The day's lesson is explained to the class by the instructor, and then the boys are given the necessary material and told to do the work themselves. The instructor overlooks the workers, and makes suggestions or renders help where it is necessary. The aim is to make manual training as broad and liberal as intellectual. Articles are not made for sale in the market. The student is allowed to discontinue any task or process the moment he can do it well; the whole training is for the benefit of the boy. Meanwhile the boy is gaining knowledge which will be useful to him in some trades. During the first year he has learned to sharpen gouges, chisels, bits, and planes; to file and set saws; to square up and lay out work; the cutting of mortises and tenons; the details of nailing, gluing, pinning, and dovetailing; various kinds of turning, chucking, and fitting, etc. All this knowledge will be of use to him in such trades as cabinet-making, chair-making, pattern-making, and belong also to the millwright, the house-carpenter, the stair-builder, the cooper, the car-builder, and the wood-carver. During the second year in the forging shop the study has reference to form as related to strength and economy of material. The operations of tempering, welding, soldering, etc., are taught without going into the details of any mechanical occupation. During the third year, in the machine shop, attention is given to the study, use, and management of machines. There are a score of cutting machines and a sixty-horse-power Corliss engine.

In nearly all the European industrial schools from four to eight hours daily are given to shop work. In the St. Louis school two hours has been found as long a time as young boys could be interested in the work. One especially good result is reported from this famous school: it is said that many of the students look forward to trades for their future life work, instead of clerical and professional vocations, in which there is an over-supply of laborers.

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## MISS ESTMERE'S TELEGRAM.

### By MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

Peterout Junction was a quiet place; the railroad trains made most of the noise that was made there, bringing it with them and taking it away with them, echoes and all. Of home-made noise there was little except fly-buzzing in the summer-time and cock-crowing betimes; indeed, you could hardly get enough of it in all Peterout to quicken an ear that was deaf because it wouldn't hear. This acoustic disadvantage was no secret; the depot-master knew well that he had to contend with it when he stepped out upon the platform of his little box station and sent forth his voice upon the frosty November air.

“Kumpsy! Oh ho! Kumpsy! Hullo, you Kumpsy! Look here!”

But Kumpsy—a negro lad of fourteen years—did neither hear nor look here; he prodded steadily up the straggling street; no twitch of muscle or gleam of eye gave out that he heard a sound; no conscious wrinkle of them all in the baggy rear of his ill-fitting clothes creased deeper or broader for the quickened pulses beating underneath.

“I'll have to go for him,” said the depot-master; and swinging off on long strides, he comes up to the boy, swoops down upon him, grabs him by the coat collar, and gently shakes him up.

“Laws!” cries the boy. “Is dat you, Mr. Greenough? I's done here befo' ef I's knowed 'twuz you. I heard a callin', but I tort sho 'nuff it wor de debble hese'f. Folks looks pow'ful like in dese days,” he went on, innocently; “an' de ole one he look as much alike as any one. Daddy say he roarin' round dat depot wid de new red paint onto he tail, an' I's got to go on de oder side mighty keerful, or I's get spattered.”

“Oh, that is your beat, is it? As if you did not half live around that depot! You'd get killed a dozen times a week if those railroad trains lived up to their privileges.”

“Dem kyars is pow'ful keerful o' me. 'Case dey know I's in de habit o' kyars.”

“You are not in the habit of telegrams, are you?” demanded the station-master, sternly.

“I's clomb de poles an' bung de glass eye out,” replied Kumpsy, briskly. “Dey don' neber kick back, like daddy say dey do.”

“The post is not the kicking part. You step into this ticket office and I'll show it to you. Don't touch anything, especially those little brass buttons.”

A little machine was tripping away upon the table. Mr. Greenough looked the other way, and became very intent upon a key that would not fit the lock. Kumpsy stiffened up quite rigid with obedience, but he button-holed his eyes upon those little brass buttons till his head swam with dizzy desire, and all the currents of his small being drew him on to the touch; his hand thrust itself out mechanically; it came nearer by jerks, till it closed upon the brass button. At the fatal touch Kumpsy sprang aloft, while a series of great kicks came leaping out at all fours of him, his mouth flew open with a howl which seemed to carry off the top of his head, as it tore its way through the devastated cavity.

“Oh, I's dead! Oh, I's in glory hallelujah! Oh, mammy, mammy!” he cried, with a piercing wail, dropping upon the floor, an abject huddle of squirming humanity.

Mr. Greenough lifted him up by the nape of his neck and gently shook him into shape. “Now you see what comes from making too free with telegraphs: they will knock the President of the road endwise if he doesn't obey orders, and you have got to be a good boy if you have anything to do with telegraphs.”

“Oh, Mr. Greenough, I's neber hab notting mo' to do wid telegraphs. I's say my prayers—hope to die—ebery time I come to a pole.”

“Nonsense!” said the man, sternly. “You have got to have something to do with the telegraphs. Here is a despatch for Miss Estmere, and I want you to carry it out to her.”

“Oh, I dassent,” wailed Kumpsy, falling upon his trembling knees and squirming out his pleadings—“I dassent. Don't make me. Das a awful lonesome road to Miss Ma'y's. Oh, lawdy massy! Dat place by de ole grabe-yard and under de pine darks! Dey ain' nobody good enough to ca'y de telegraph past dem, 'cos nobody don' neber know wot dem telegraphs gwine to fin' out nex',” cried the poor boy, rolling up the whites of his eyes and turning a greenish pale with fright. For Kumpsy now began to realize what many a wiser man has never found out, that a telegraph is a searching thing for sinful man to deal with, and that carrying it any distance would subject the bearer to electric shocks all the way.

The station-master was quick to turn the new theory to account. Motives for virtuous action had never had a rank growth in Kumpsy's mind, and this chance seedling was to be cultivated with care.

“Kumpsy,” he began, solemnly, “that telegram of Miss Estmere's won't hurt you as long as you keep going straight along the road; but if you stop to climb trees or to go fishing, then—oh, then—you will see what you will see! And your poor mammy will feel awful to have you used up all at once, and no pieces for the funeral!”

Here Kumpsy uttered a groan which seemed to unjoint all his members. Mr. Greenough went on unheeding: “It won't take you two hours, though you might ride Rags, if you like that better than going afoot.”

At the mention of Rags the boy's distressed face flashed out like a reflector, and his passing groan lapsed into a chuckling gurgle.

“He! he! Rags can kick wusser'n a telegraph. Get em bofe at it to oncet an' dar'll be needer ob 'em nowhar! He! he!”

Rags—a mule of uncertain character, was, like Kumpsy, an unsalaried *attaché* of the railroad station. A passing cattle train had left him there sick and nigh to death, but he had picked up speedily on the outlying pasturage, and had waxed fat, to the verge of kicking, if indeed he were not already over the brink of that high accomplishment. His intimates—Kumpsy for one—were not slow to affirm that they had more than once caught Rags with his hind hoofs in mid air, practising the one fine art in which a mule must ever take precedence, and his master—“What a piece of work is a man!”—come halting off.

Be this as it may, Rags knew he was well off—that a mule reduced in circumstances but averse to labor could find no more charming place of residence than Peterout. Here was the fellowship of kindred minds to which the spirit even of a mule is not insensible; here too the goodly sustenance of the body—for this kindly village lay chiefly out-of-doors, was not much fenced in, and its garbage was not hurried ignobly out of sight, but lay free to the dews of heaven and the sniff of hungry beast.

This intelligent animal, whose strong hold was standing still, was easily caught and equipped, the message in its yellow envelop was pinned inside the pocket of the little darky, and away they rode—knight and steed—Kumpsy feeling that he could back Rags against the round world and all the occult forces thereof, and Rags?—ah! who shall tell the thoughts of a mule?

The doughty pair were hardly out of sight when Kumpsy's mother came waddling down the path to the station. She was the blackest of black, billowy with flesh, and of unctuous presence. Her voice was bland, and lingered with a caressing touch upon her words, although she had come on anxious quest.

“I done hear dat my Kumpsy got struck by de lightning box, Mr. Greenough,” she began.

“Who said so?”

“Oh, I's speerunced it,” said the negress, wary of betraying her informant. “I's always been speeriuncin' dat my Kumpsy gwine to meet up wid somet'ing dat kill him in de twinklin' ob de eye. My chilluns ain' no ways durable,” she went on, plaintively; “'leben ob 'em wink out like a fire-bug soon's dey's bawn, an' dis one he look so perishin' like we knowed sho 'nuff he wa'n't come to stay—he come to see. An' dat's wot we call him—Come-to-see.”

“I thought it was Tecumseh,” said the station-master.

“No; jess Come-to-see; but 'pears like he boun' to fool he old daddy an' me—he boun' to stay. He, he!” Here she laughed a rich inward chuckle. “Whar you done put him?” she asked, peering about the waiting-room, and slanting a glance into the office beyond.

“I have sent him on an errand to the old Estmere place.”

At this the woman gave out a wail of woe, rolling up her eyes and throwing her arms aloft.

“Dat little pickaninny!” she cried, “gwine all 'lone to Miss Ma'y's! I go after him;” and drawing her scant shawl about her ample curves, she took the highway for her ancestral home.

Ten minutes of depot silence ticked slowly away by the depot clock, and a shuffling footstep was heard on the platform, and in came a gaunt, gray-headed old negro. He was called Father Isaacs in ecclesiastical circles of color, where he maintained a good standing; but the more worldly sort, who judged him by his daily walk, called him Old Daddy Slapfoot.

“I done hear dat Kumpsy an' de ole woman done gone to de ole place,” he began.

“Just so,” said the station-master.

“An' I's lef' a widow an' a faderless, an' nun a spot fum de wurl,” he went on, in a hollow voice, rolling his eyes in their cave-like sockets, and shaking his gray old head; then he fell to shifting his long and bony figure from one foot to another. This movement established to the verge of monotony, one foot shambled a little ahead, the other struck out for it, and so they had it, which and the other, and that is the way Father Isaacs slap-footed off down the road to Estmere.

What happened on the road to Estmere? Ah! if all the sights and sounds, the doings and undoings, on that road could be perfectly accounted for and recorded, there had need be no other books while the world stands. But, in brief, it was the mule that managed the whole business. That astute beast organized and conducted such a system of advancing, retreating, balking, kicking, cavorting, and not getting there as human ingenuity has seldom equalled. If Rags had been born in a Circumlocution Office, and foddered with red tape every day of his life, it is doubtful if he could have got ahead of himself in pure backwardness. Under his leadership the Isaacs family spent two days and one night on the road. They arrived at Estmere late on the afternoon of the second day. Lame and halt were this devoted family, much tied up in brown paper and vinegar, and very bulgy as to foreheads and cheekbones. A cavalcade they were, indeed, as they swept around the curve of the grass-grown carriageway, but a more forlorn one had seldom rallied at the castle of their chief.

Estmere had formerly been one of the fine estates of the country. Somewhat in its decadence at the beginning of the war, that calamity filched from it the last vestige of affluence, and left it to eat itself up with taxes and ill management.

Here, upon a mere strip of its broad acres, the house still stood, in form and proportion a stately mansion as of old. But it cried out for repairs from every pore of its weather-beaten boards, its rickety blinds and broken lattices, its slouching steps and crumbling decorations. Here, where once had flourished a large family and a retinue of servants, Miss Estmere, almost unattended, met alone the bleak existence which poverty and loneliness forced upon her. She was a woman in middle life, who still held the hearts of her old family servants—slaves no longer—though the shrinkage of the estate and the needs of life had forced them to a separation.

“I's don' come to see you, Miss Ma'y,” Father Isaacs began, as Miss Estmere came out on the piazza to meet them. “I's done come to see you 'cos Kumpsy an' de ole woman got de start, an' I's 'low dey wa'n't fit to trabble 'lone—I's had a heap ob trouble gettin' 'em troo.”

At this mammy shed a smile of large but tolerant scorn upon her better half.

“Yo knows dat ole daddy youse'f, Miss Ma'y. You's knowed him from de beginnin'. I 'clar to goodness ef I didn't mosely hab to ca'y him all de way myse'f; but I's boun' to get Kumpsy here on horseback ef I had to ca'y fawty ole niggers, an' de horse was a mule dat stood still and went backward mos' ob de way hisse'f.”

“An' I's boun' to ride Rags to yo' house, Miss Ma'y, ef I had to tote him all de way, an' de rest ob de fambly too!” piped up Kumpsy.

No mention of the telegram. No one knew about it but Kumpsy, and it had lapsed entirely from the boy's mind amid the perils of the way and the excitements of the arrival.

The sight of Estmere in its wintry desolations struck stabs to mammy's faithful heart. She longed to console her dear mistress, so gentle, so proud, so lonely, and so poor. But mammy would sooner have died than admit, even to her own soul, that an Estmere could be lonely or poor, but she had the tact of love, which never blunders.

“Miss Ma'y, it looks beautiful to see you standin' out on de piazza like dat,” she began, her black face shining with love and pride. “Honey,” she went on, her voice a caress, “ye don' change a mite. Ye looks jess like ye used to w'en dar wa'n't hitchin'-posts 'nuff for yo' beaux, an' ole massa was a-tearin' roun' mad 'cause dey hosses gnawed de young trees.”

Miss Estmere shook her head, and smiled through her tears. “Oh, mammy, mammy, everything is different.”

“Oh, ob co'se, honey,” the negress admitted, warily, “somet'ings is different; dey is boun' to be different. Dar is dem young men wot yo' wouldn't hab nor look at. I suppose dey is gnashin' deir toof somewhar wuss dan deir hosses gnaw de trees. But, laws, honey, dey's got to stan' it, an' yo' is a heap sight better off dan ef yo' hed married dem all, 'coz dey mos'ly got killed in de wah, an' yo'd hed nothin' but funerals wid 'em.”

“Not marrying funerals must be one of my uncounted mercies,” laughed Miss Estmere. “There was no need of it,” she added, with a sigh. “We had enough of our own.”

“Yes, Miss Ma'y; an' dey was fine funerals, an' dar wuz a-many ob 'em along at one time. De Estmeres went out, as it were, *plententiously*.”

Mammy knew, alas! that the grandeur of this word could not conceal the gloom of the subject, and with it she closed her attempt at uplifting conversation, and betook herself to the kitchen to vent her emotions by berating her own family.

“Wot yo' be moanin' for?” she asked, in an edgy voice, of Father Isaacs, who was nursing his bruises over the dying fire. “Dem ole mule kicks ain' all de trouble dar is in de worl'. Dem mule kicks come day, go day, an' da's all; but dey is trouble dat sits down in de house, an' walks roun' in de yard, an' hangs ober de roof till yo' can't keep de rain out ob it, an' de fires won't burn, an' de flour won't stay in de barrel, an' de chickens won't stay in de coop.”

“Wot hev I been doin' now, Mrs. Isaacs?” asked the head of the family, with dignity.

“You's been swajing dem old mule kicks long 'nuff. Yo' limber yo'se'f up on Miss Ma'y's wood-pile. Wot kin' o' fire is dat fire Miss Ma'y's got in de pahlor?—sich fizz in de middle an' drip-drappin' at bofe ends. 'Pears dat Silas got de wood an' water mixed w'en he bring 'em in for Miss Ma'y. He t'ink Miss Ma'y burn rain-water on dem pahlor andirons.”

“He keeps a pow'ful lot o' daylight in Miss Ma'y's wood-pile—does so,” said Father Isaacs, approaching the wood-pile critically, and airing his eye at one of the hollow gum-tree logs.

“Dem is drafty sticks for an ole man to split up wid de rhoomatism—das so!”

“Dar ain' nothin' good for Rags in de sto'-room,” wailed Kumpsy. “I peeked.”

“Den take dat, an' dat!” cried mammy, seizing the only scion of her stock and boxing his ears. “Take dat, an' learn yo' manners. Don' yo' go peekin' roun' wot Miss Ma'y yent got! Don' fool talk no mo' 'bout dat mule w'en dar yent no chickens, nor no fresh eggs for Miss Ma'y's breakfast!”

“'Pears like 'Lijah in de wilderness roun' here,” said Father Isaacs, leaning on his axe to rest from his labors before beginning them.

“But dar's de angels,” he went on, rolling up the whites of his eyes. “An' de angels is good for being roun' always an' eberywhar in gen'ral, an' doin' t'ings that nobody don' know wheder dey happens or not; but dey ain't up an' comity wid hot meals w'en you's gone in de stomach!"

"De angels ain't a-mindin' odder folks' business, daddy; das why dey don' wrastle wid dat wood-pile, an' yo' a-standin' ober it holdin' on to de axe. Das why dey ain't gwine to cook Miss Ma'ys supper, an' me a-limberin' aroun' wid nothing else to do. No, daddy. De angels is de las' call. Dey waits till de las' strain is ready to bust, an' den dey comes in wid deir wings a-floppin' an' de music a-blowin' in de long horns."

The bit of hot supper which mammy conjured up and the bright fire made a point of cheer for Miss Estmere in the great parlor; but as night closed down, the shadows of a hopeless poverty came out by legions and huddled miserably in every corner of the long corridors and deserted rooms of Estmere Hall, and mammy, as she rushed through them, felt the ghosts grab at her as she ran. She dropped upon a bench in the kitchen, flung her apron over her head, and rocked back and forth wailing.

"Oh, dear Lordy, don' yo' see dat Miss Ma'y's at de las' call, an' de ole place has got to de end? All de dead is in deir grabes, an' de ghosts is in de house. Oh, my Miss Ma'y! my Miss Ma'y! Oh, Lordy, dear Lordy, don' you care for Miss Ma'y? Send de angels down—de big ones, de strong ones. Send 'em quick, quick, oh, Lordy! Lordy!"

It was a long vigil. Hour after hour went by, the waning lights of the kitchen fire flickered themselves out among the rafters, and all was dark and silent in the dreary house long before the quiet of answered prayer came to the faithful heart that wrestled there, and mammy ceased to moan and mutter and wail.

The old man had dropped comfortably off, as usual, with nothing on his mind. Kumpsy went to sleep with a vague sense of being somewhere, that something was going to happen, and that there was some unexplained reason for his being there. He cast about in his mind what this might be. He had better have looked in a fuller place—a thrust into his pocket would have hit home. There lay the telegram, now two days old, and the worse for wear and evil companionship. The bit of paper had worried loose from its fastenings, and lay, an unseemly wad, among sticks, pebbles, turnip-tops, apple-cores, and other trophies of the way. There it lay—the insensate paper; but its message—a score of words—was a-tremble with the last longings and purpose of a dying man—"Come, come quickly!"

In a hotel at Richmond, Colonel St. George Estmere lay that night near death. He was a man near seventy. Since the end of the war he had lived abroad, a self-constituted alien from his native land; but with failing health and increasing age a great restlessness had come upon him; he was wearied of European capitals, and a great longing for home had brought him back to the land of his youth. He had reached this city too ill to go farther.

"I have but two relations in the world," he said to the lawer who came to draw up his will—"my great-niece, Mrs. John M. Spray, and my second-cousin, Miss Mary Estmere."

"And you wish your property equally divided between the two?" asked the lawyer.

"Not at all," said the colonel. "It is to go undivided to the one whom I prefer—the trouble is, I have never seen either of them. Draw up the papers, leaving a blank for the name, and telegraph for my relations."

To one of these messages Mrs. Spray had responded as prompt as a piston-rod. Within two hours of the receipt of the despatch she arrived at the hotel, armed with affection and zeal. She was a bustling woman, with a quick eye for a prospective legacy, and a gift for making herself unnecessary. She called the colonel "dear uncle" at every sentence, and shook up his pillows so often that the feathers did not get over quivering between times. She gave him his cordial in season and out of season, and wearied the failing ears of the sick man with accounts of New South Buzzville and her husband's mills.

The colonel groaned in spirit. He hated the new South and its bustling prosperity. He loved the old régime, with its comfortable shiftlessness. The doctor said there must be no more conversation, so Mrs. Spray sat two parlors off, with the doors closed between, and worked on a crazy-quilt. No reply came from Miss Estmere. So two days went by, and the night came on—the night that should know no morning for the sick man. The shaded light burns low in the chamber; the nurse and attendants pass noiselessly to and fro; the doctor is grave and silent; his patient is sinking fast. A few more chimes of the neighboring church clock will ebb out the life of Colonel St. George Estmere.

"Here is an answer to the second Peterout telegram," whispered the lawyer, tiptoeing into the sleeping-room. "Shall we waken him?"

"Read it," said the colonel, with an imperious gesture and the tone of a military order.

"It is from the station-master:

"'*Your telegram was received at this office two days ago, and was promptly forwarded by us to Miss Mary Estmere, of Estmere Hall. It was sent by Kumpsy Isaacs, one of the Estmere negroes. Not heard from since.*'"

"Estmere Hall," repeated the dying man, his face shining with a new light, his glazing eyes kindling. He then leaned forward from his bolstering pillows with the air of one who sees a vision; he stretched forth yearning hands; he gazed intently. "I see it! I see it! Oh, my youth! my life!" he cried, in a thrilling voice.

Something he saw which other eyes in that room did not see, perhaps, poor homeless wanderer—the far, fair home of his youth. Maybe—oh, ransomed soul!—that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Then, some constraining power giving away, he fell back exhausted. The light went out of his face, and the gray shadows settled heavily in its sharpening lines; he fumbled the blanket with his blue, transparent fingers, and muttered:

"Sent by—one of the Estmere negroes—family negroes—two days—Isaacs—Isaacs—I knew that boy."

The muttering ceased. All power of speech went from the pinched lips. An attendant bent over him and held a lamp to his closed eyelids, but he started up aghast as life flickered up once more.

"Mr. Graham," said the dying man, in a firm voice, "fill in the blank—Miss Mary Estmere, of Estmore Hall. I bequeath all my property to her, because she keeps the old place and the old people serve her still."

The lawyer filled up the deed, the dying man signed it, the witnesses attested it, and at daybreak the colonel was no more.

Toward noon of that day a smart Richmond law clerk whirled up to the door of Estmere Hall. Kumpsy flashed out to hold the horses, but the stranger, springing from his light wagon, collared the little darky and dangled him in the air like a jumping-jack.

"You are the boy that was sent out here with our telegram three days ago!" he cried.

The truth shot through Kumpsy like a stab. He squirmed with fear. His eyes started out upon his cheeks, and a lie leaped boldly from his open mouth.

"Oh no, no!" he yelled. "I don't know nothing 'bout dat! I 'clar to goodness! I's dead, I's dead!"

The man set him down, but the supple legs of the little darky doubled up under him, and adroitly unjointly himself, he fell a mere heap of togs upon the ground.

"You possum!" cried the man of law, flopping over the dismembered heap before going into the house.

Kumpsy, who had fallen within eye-shot of the parlor windows, continued to play dead so successfully that Rags, faithful creature, drew near and sniffed his sympathy at the remains—specially at a turnip top sticking out of the pocket of the remains. First a nibble, then a bite which gripped pocket and all. Rags tugged fiercely at it; he hoofed himself at all fours into the steadfast earth, and his teeth twisted their roots in his stubborn jaws.

Something must give way. Not Rags till the world caves in, nor Kumpsy till life is extinct. He permits himself to be lifted quite up and shaken by the beast. The cloth gives way, the pocket turns wrong-side out, and its contents are scattered wide upon the ground. Rags makes his selection with the eye of a connoisseur—that dirty little yellow wad of a telegram, closely compact with an apple-core, so alluring in fragrance, so choice in composition; Rags chanks his great jaw upon it, and at the first grind sends the bent pin into his gum; then he lifts up his voice with a howl of rage, and thrashes the air with his tossing head and hoofs.

Kumpsy, hastily rising from the dead, resolves himself into a series of somersaults, whirled off apparently with shrieks for their axis. The lawyer, interrupted in his explanation, steps briskly upon the scene. Miss Estmere comes too, looking pale and bewildered; then mammy heaves her large bulk in sight, and father Isaacs slap-foots to the front.

"Oh, mammy! mammy! it's de telegram. Miss Ma'y's telegram don' kick Rags higher than a kite!"

Miss Estmere, dizzy with fright and the shock of the news, fainted dead away in mammy's faithful arms.

"Never you min' it, honey," said the negress, rocking her mistress in her arms as if she were a little child—"never you min' it, honey; telegrams always acts dat way in de fust families. Befo' de wah, I remember ole miss go to de flo' like dead w'en de telegram come; an' dey was fawty niggers fallin' ober one nudder an' fetchin' ob her to wid komfire. It was pow'ful handsome manners for you to faint away, Miss Ma'y. Yo' don' well by de kunel. Why, de ole Kunel St. Jawge hisse'f couldn't do mo' 'n dat ef he got de news ob his own death."

The lawyer, a carpet-bagger from Connecticut, was waiting at the station for the down train. He stalked up to the ticket office.

"Are you the man who sent our despatch out to Estmere?" he asked.

No answer. The station-master had been born and brought up at Peterout, and he had no ear for that tone of voice.

"That was a great combination for the telegraph business—that mule and boy."

He might as well have spoken to a deaf and dumb asylum.

"I want a ticket to Richmond. What is your old office good for any way?"

"One dollar and twenty cents," said the station-master, getting up and stamping the ticket.

"It turned out all right for Miss Estmere," the clerk went on, burning to talk. "The old gentleman left her the money from sheer contrariness, because she didn't seem at all anxious about getting it, and the other one rather overdid herself. But all the same, that is no way to deal with telegraph despatches. Do you mind that?"

But here the station-master relapsed into hopeless deafness, and could not be roused from it till the lawyer was well away from Peterout.

Miss Estmere bought back the good acres of Estmere, and hospitality reigned once more at the hall. Mrs. Spray wore lavender mourning, and talked a good deal in certain circles about "my uncle Colonel St. George."

"It is pow'ful queer," said mammy, "dat las' night ob all w'en I was a-prayin' de Lawd to send an angel He was jess a-makin' one out ob de kunel."

"I reckon angels must ha' been scarce den," said father Isaacs.

"I don' know 'bout dat," returned mammy. "I reckon w'en de Lawd wants an extra good angel, He takes one ob de Estmeres to begin 'em wid."

The Kumpsy family never went back to Peterout to live. Rags, however, having brought good fortune to Estmere by his "pow'ful holdin'-backness," arrogated none of its prosperity to himself. Taking umbrage at the fresh paint and unyielding fences of the new order of things, he went back to Peterout. How he got there is not known—probably by heading himself in a contrary direction and proceeding accordingly. He remains as ever, a plain, unvarnished beast amid the gateless fences and fenceless houses, and lapsed in the soothing silences of Peterout he wanders still.

## THE REV. CHARLES A. BERRY.

The rumor which has for some time been prevalent that the pulpit left vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was likely to be filled by an Englishman begins to assume the character of certainty. On the evening of Friday, November 4th, in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church, the Advisory Committee reported in favor of calling to the vacant pulpit the Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England. Recommendation, of course, is not election, but it is the first step toward election, and there is a strong presumption that both election and acceptance will follow.

In the determination to have an Englishman in Mr. Beecher's place there has been a very decided persistency. During the summer months some young and promising American divines had been heard, but there was a disposition to do nothing until Dr. Parker should have been heard. Of Dr. Joseph Parker, a warm personal friend of the late Plymouth pastor, a clergyman at the head of a prosperous London congregation, and a man of world-wide reputation, high expectations were formed, and although he never allowed himself to be named as a candidate for the vacant pulpit, there were many who thought that he might be tempted to make America his home, and cast in his lot with the Plymouth people. Much, of course, was to depend upon the impression which Dr. Parker might produce on the Plymouth congregation, and on the Brooklyn people generally. The Doctor was well received. He preached to the congregation not only with acceptance, but in such a manner as to justify and sustain his great reputation. His eulogy of Mr. Beecher, pronounced in the Academy of Music, was, if not absolutely satisfactory to every one, at least a masterpiece of Christian oratory. But somehow Dr. Parker did not exactly meet the requirements of the Plymouth congregation. Another Englishman was coming, and judgment was suspended.

The Rev. Charles A. Berry was one of those Congregational ministers who felt aggrieved because of the cool and unsympathetic treatment which Mr. Beecher experienced at the hands of the Congregationalist leaders during his last visit to England; and after Mr. Beecher had addressed the Union Meeting he had the courage, with the Rev. John Hunter, then of Hull, now of Glasgow, and one or two others, to raise his voice and give free utterance to his sentiments regarding Mr. Beecher, and regarding those who were giving him the cold shoulder. Mr. Beecher was greatly pleased with what Mr. Berry had said, and with his manner of saying it, and expressed the opinion that a young man of so much courage and ability had a future before him. The two gentlemen subsequently met in private, and on Mr. Beecher learning that Mr. Berry proposed on some early day to visit America, he cordially extended to his young friend an invitation to occupy his pulpit. After Mr. Beecher's death the invitation was repeated by the congregation. Of Mr. Berry it may be said with truth, he came, he saw, he conquered. His preaching, his views generally, his appearance, his manner—all have given satisfaction; and since the date of his first sermon the saying has been common among the Plymouth people, "We have found a man to our liking, if he will only come to us."

Mr. Berry is about thirty-five years of age. At a reception given to him in the parlors of Plymouth Church, Dr. Macaulay, of Belleville, New Jersey, stated that he knew him as a boy in the choir of a Congregational church of which he himself had been at one time pastor, at Ormskirk, near Liverpool, and that, struck with the bright talents of the boy, he encouraged him to propose himself for the ministry. Berry by-and-by found his way to Curedale College, where in due time he graduated, and obtained a preacher's license. He was first settled in Bolton, where, as the pastor of St. George's Road Congregational Church, he labored with acceptance and with marked success for a period of nine years. For the last four years he has been minister of Queen Street Church, Wolverhampton, where he has built up a splendid reputation. Just before leaving for America, the Church Congress having met in Wolverhampton, Mr. Berry was singled out by his brethren to act as their representative, and to express to the Church people the good wishes of the Congregationalists, and also to extend to them a cordial welcome. Mr. Berry is an enthusiastic worker, and, according to his theory of things, every congregation should be a focus of light and a centre of power. It is his belief that the lay element should be more extensively employed in the work of evangelization. At a recent meeting of the Staffordshire Union he raised a discussion on "The Extension of Lay Preaching in the Villages," and boldly declared that they could not keep pace with requirement unless they accepted the assistance offered them from persons in commercial and other walks of life.

Mr. Berry is rather under than over the medium height. His complexion is what may be called fair, the hair being of a brownish tinge. His appearance is prepossessing, his bearing is dignified but easy, his address is pleasing and natural. He has a clear, ringing voice, and he articulates distinctly. As a preacher he is not passionate—his eloquence is rather sustained and dignified. As a thinker he is liberal both in religion and in politics. His sympathies were with Mr. Beecher, and he believes him to be a still living power. He is a follower of Mr. Gladstone, and he believes in home rule.

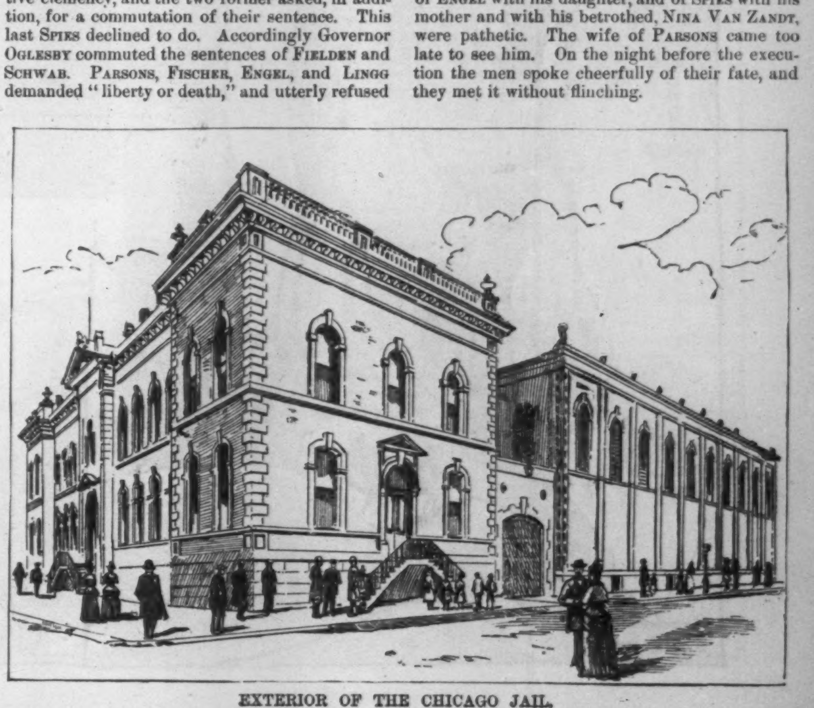
Among the reasons assigned for going to England for a successor to Mr. Beecher, one is that the occupant of Plymouth pulpit should be unsympathetic with any of the divisions in the American Congregational Church of which Mr. Beecher was in any way the cause. A partisan Beecherite, it is felt, would be as much out of place as a pronounced anti-Beecherite, and it is believed that in Mr. Berry are combined the desired qualities. His comparative youth also is an argument in his favor.

## THE HANGING OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.—(*Continued from page 836.*)

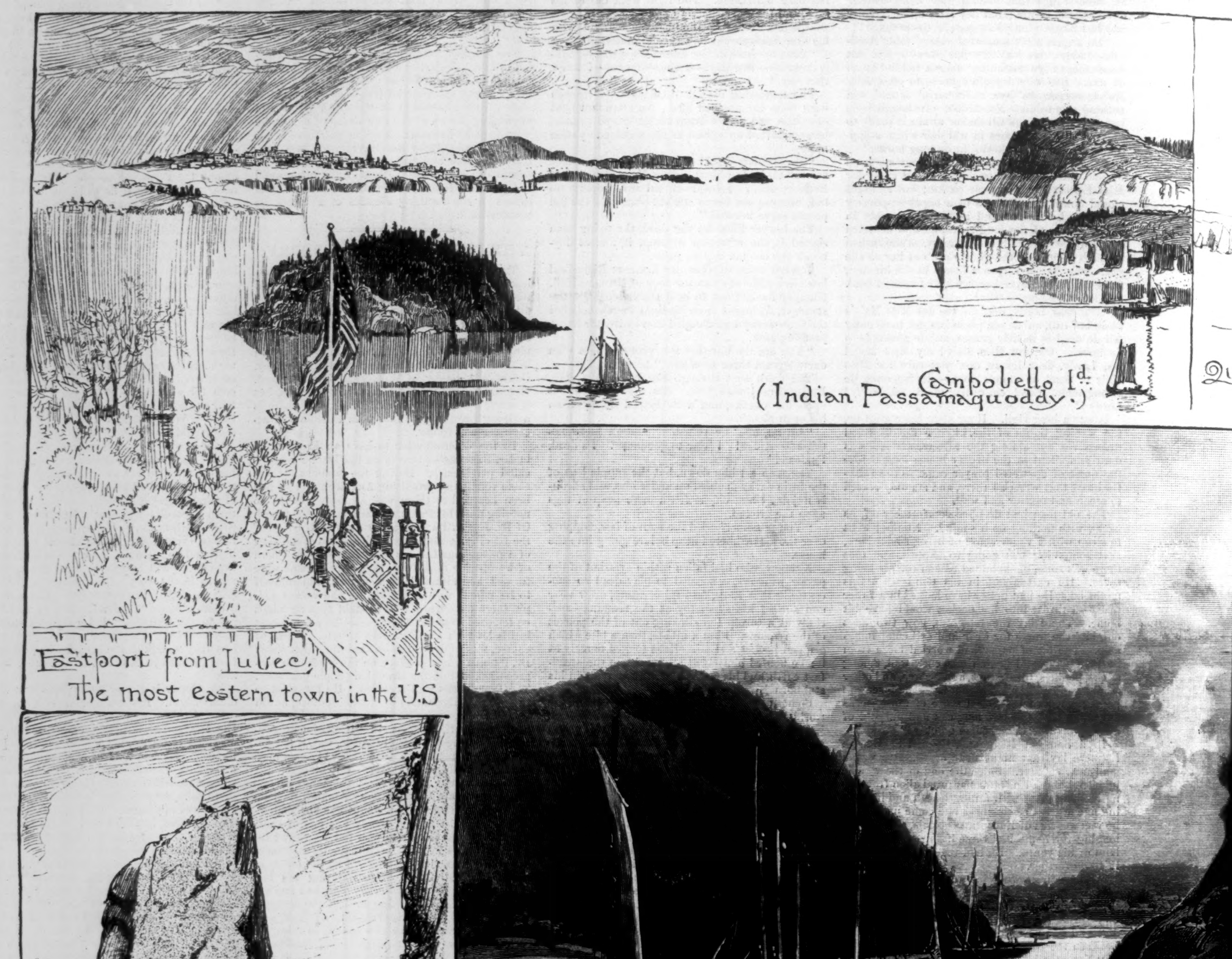
speaker, with a voice full of pathos, and was for years a well-known socialist orator in Chicago.

When the verdict had been rendered, the case was taken to the Supreme Court of Illinois on law points. After argument, it was held under consideration for several months, and in September decided adversely to the condemned men. Then an attempt was made to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the full bench decided that it had no jurisdiction. Fielden, Schwab, and Spies petitioned for executive clemency, and the two former asked, in addition, for a commutation of their sentence. This last Spies declined to do. Accordingly Governor Oglesby commuted the sentences of Fielden and Schwab. Parsons, Fischer, Engel, and Lingg demanded "liberty or death," and utterly refused to accept commutation. Their sentences and that of Spies were allowed to stand.

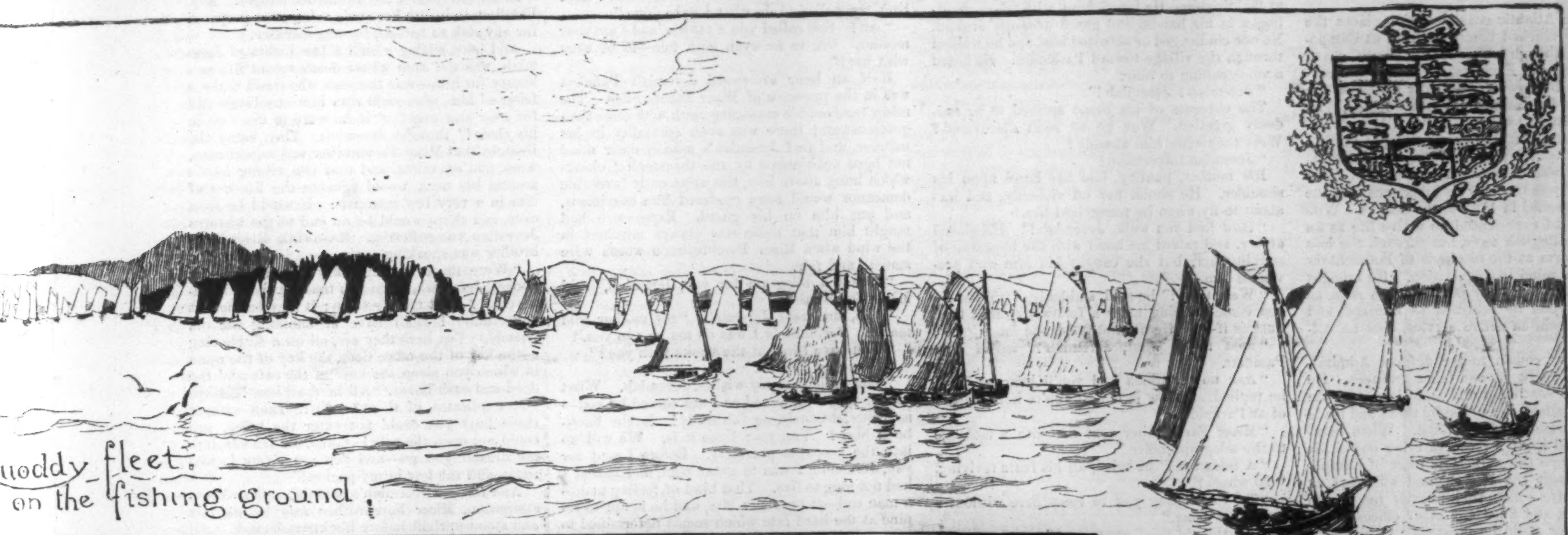
Lingg escaped the scaffold, on November 10, by exploding in his mouth a dynamite tube whose fuse he had lighted by a candle. How he got it was as little known as how he had received four others found in his cell a few days previous. His head, face, and throat were horribly torn. After six hours, death relieved him of agonies which he bore with the most extraordinary fortitude. The partings of Schwab and Fischer with their wives, of Engel with his daughter, and of Spies with his mother and with his betrothed, Nina Van Zandt, were pathetic. The wife of Parsons came too late to see him. On the night before the execution the men spoke cheerfully of their fate, and they met it without flinching.

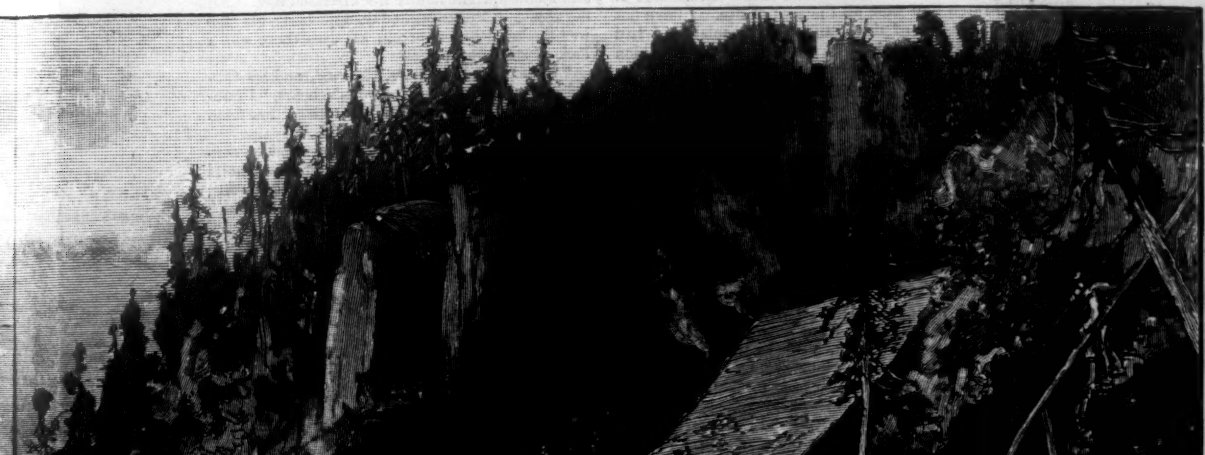


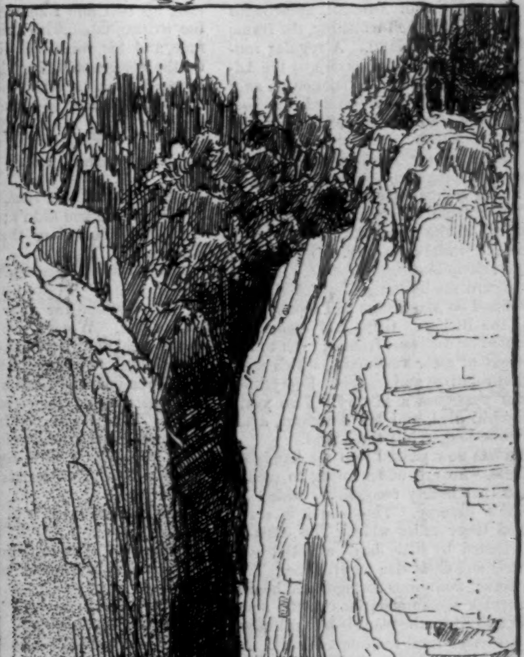
EXTERIOR OF THE CHICAGO JAIL.

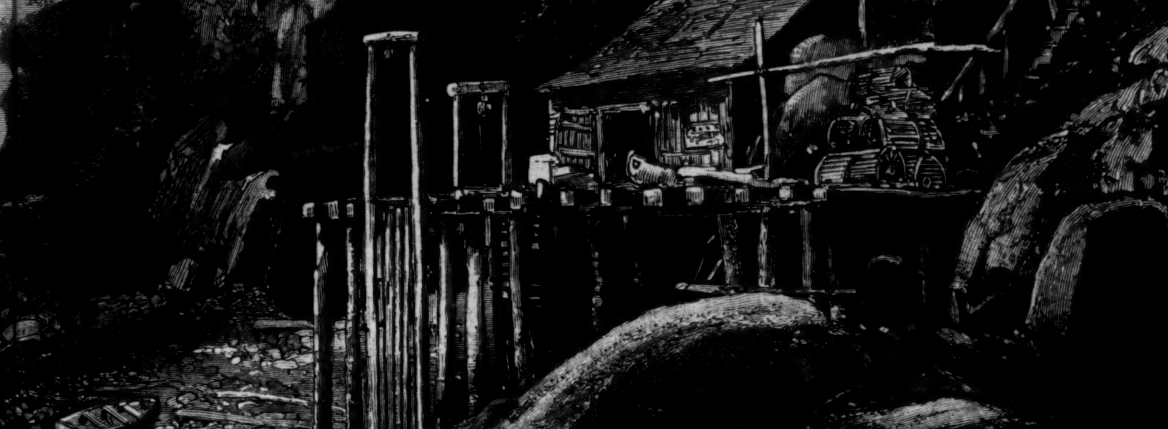

Campobello Id.
(Indian Passamaquoddy.)
Eastport from Lubec.
The most eastern town in the U.S
Fjord northerly end of Campobello (Head Harbor)
The Friar.
East Quoddy Light.

IN AND ABOUT CAMPOBELLO, NEW BRUN


uoddy fleet.
on the fishing ground




Chasm at
Nancy Head



UNSWICK.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 842.]

## CAMPOBELLO.

Among the Atlantic coast watering-places the last one was reached before arriving at Campobello, which, though opposite the Maine coast, and within view of Eastport, is part of the province of New Brunswick, originally styled on the old charts as Passamaquoddy Outer Island. Its name was changed by William Owen, Arthur Davies, David and William Owen, Jun., to Campobello, out of courtesy to Sir William Campbell. Sir William was the Governor-General of Nova Scotia, and it was through his assistance that the island was granted in 1767 to the Owens. William Owen had experienced an active life as an officer in the English navy, but through the loss of his right arm at the blockade of Pondicherry he turned his mind to colonization. He brought over a colony of seventy persons. As soon as they were settled he returned to England, and embarking again in active service, died an Admiral.

David Owen, cousin to the defunct Admiral, now acted as agent for the other grantees. He was a man of sentiment and ambitious, and the pomp and circumstance of feudal times had made a strong impression on his mind. When occasion presented itself for the carrying out of his ideas he became the autocratic ruler of Campobello. He built the church, and officiated as clergyman. He constituted himself magistrate and historian, and filled any other offices which were vacant or could be created. At his death the land passed into the hands of William Owen, Jun., and was by him sold to William Fitz-William, natural son of the original Owen.

Around this figure cluster the memories of Campobellites. Many are the stories told of this quaint figure, a self-styled hermit, who is more familiarly known as "The Quoddy Hermit." More like a tale of Hawthorne's is that of this curious combination of the sentimental, melancholic, adventurous, autocratic, and strongly religious man. On his return from forty-three years of service in the navy, with the rank of Admiral, he brought with him, besides much fine furnishing, the frame of a house from another island. A regular routine of daily work began with prayers by the Admiral, while Lady Owen, who is spoken of as a very handsome woman, superintended the servants in their duties. Dinner, served at four, was an event of four courses. The rich mahogany chairs and tables, silver candelabra, gold and silver dishes, silk hangings, and enormous fireplace, were fitting companions to the wines from Jersey and game from the tenants. Every circumstance of life in the colony was invested with the importance of feudal ceremony. The Admiral must needs go ride in his coach of state. In 1855 the church, toward the building of which the Admiral had devoted so much time and money, was dedicated by the Bishop. Gifts and memorials were contributed by different friends, even to the full complement of altar vestments, which were embroidered by relatives and friends. Everything in the church possesses a history. Two years after, the Admiral died, and his daughter, after remaining awhile longer, left the island.

Campobello has now passed into the hands of some capitalists, who are endeavoring to secure for the island that hearty recognition which its natural beauties deserve. The island is eight miles long and three miles wide. The coast is frequently indented by little bays, and the bold rocky headlands and cliffs rise on all sides. Two or three fine hotels, numerous cottages and boarding-houses, furnish accommodations to the summer residents, and when the place is better known it will prove a serious rival to Mount Desert. As yet fashion has not set her seal of approval on Campobello—not at least so emphatically as at Bar Harbor; but to those in search of the beautiful and picturesque, the solemnity and grandeur of towering cliffs, and the quaintness attendant on everything connected with the occupation of fishing, this is an additional recommendation.

# MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### MISER FAREBROTHER THREATENS JEREMIAH.

He usually travelled third class to Beddington, but on this occasion he took a first-class ticket. To this piece of extravagance he was impelled by two reasons. He wished to be alone, and the first-class carriages were nearly always empty at this time of the day. Then, in the position in which he found himself—brought about partly by his own folly, but chiefly by the treachery of Captain Ablewhite—it mattered little how much he spent. What were pounds, shillings, and pence in comparison with his safety? He had worked himself into the belief that not only his liberty, but his life, was in peril.

The three first-class carriages in the train were unoccupied, and he got into one, and closed the door. No other passenger entered the carriage, and he travelled to Parksides alone.

He read again the newspaper article upon the diamond bracelet, and his feelings became more bitter and revengeful. The visions which had haunted him in Miser Farebrother's office reappeared. The words he was reading were printed in letters of blood; his eyes became blurred, and he wiped them with his handkerchief. The blood-shadows were on the handkerchief as he looked at it; the stains spread to his hands, as though they had just been employed in a ruthless deed; the compartment in which he sat was throbbing with a silent life and death struggle, from which he emerged triumphant and free.

He was aroused by the stopping of the train at Beddington. He jumped out, with the account-books in his hands, and gazed defiantly around. No one challenged or accosted him, and he walked through the village toward Parksides. He heard a voice calling to him:

"Jeremiah! Jeremiah!"

The currents of his blood seemed to be suddenly arrested. Was he so soon discovered? Were they after him already?

"Jeremiah! Jeremiah!"

His mother, panting, laid her hand upon his shoulder. He shook her off violently, and was about to fly when he recognized her.

"How fast you walk, Jeremiah!" He glared at her, and raised his hand with the intention of striking her, but she caught his arm and prevented him.

"Well, then!" he said, suddenly. "What do you come running after a fellow like that for? Just as if—" He did not finish the sentence.

"Just as if what, Jeremiah?" asked Mrs. Pamflett.

"Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies," he replied. "How is it that you're here instead of at Parksides?"

"Miser Farebrother sent me with a message to the telegraph office."

"A telegram!" he cried, all his fears reviving. "To whom?"

"To you, telling you to come here without a moment's delay."

"Oh, the old thief wants me?"

"He wants you badly, Jeremiah."

"Does he? Was there nothing else in the telegram except that I was to come here without a moment's delay?"

"You were to bring the account-books."

"I have them, you see. Was the old thief in a good-humor?"

"Jeremiah, I was listening outside his room, and I heard him limping up and down, muttering to himself. I didn't catch what he was saying, but he was in a desperate temper. Yet when he rang his bell, and I answered it, he was sitting at the writing-table, with the sweetest smile on his face, and his voice was like honey. 'Take this to the telegraph office,' he said, giving me the message; and he asked me how you were getting on, and whether you were saving money, and whether I had saved any. I told him I had a little—"

"How much?" asked Jeremiah, interrupting her.

"I didn't tell him that, Jeremiah."

"Of course you didn't; but *I* want to know."

"I have got more than a hundred pounds, Jeremiah."

"So—you've been saving up secretly, unbeknown to me!"

"It was done for your good, Jeremiah; it is all for you. Women are not as strong as men, nor as bold and venturesome, but they see further sometimes. 'Perhaps,' I thought to myself, 'one day Jeremiah may want a little help; there may be something he wishes to do, and is just a little short. Then I will give him my savings, and he will praise me for my prudence and foresight.'"

"I praise you now, mother," said Jeremiah. "Can you lay your hands on the money? Is it in your room?"

"No, Jeremiah; it is in the Post-office Savings-bank."

"Curse it! You can't get it out to-day. What's the good of it when I want it now—this very minute?"

"What for, Jeremiah?"

"That's my business. Go on about the old thief. He pretended to be very sweet, did he, and tried to pump you? What's that?"

He clutched his mother, shaking like one in an ague. They were in a narrow lane, and a boy in their rear had uttered a loud shout, and had thrown a stone at a bird. The boy ran on, and the color returned to Jeremiah's face.

"Jeremiah!" whispered Mrs. Pamflett.

"Well?"

"You have been doing something wrong. You are in trouble."

"Yes; I am in trouble. I have been robbed—swindled—tricked and ruined by a damned scoundrel. If I had him here now, in this quiet lane, with no one near, his life wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase. There, the murder's out! What did I say?"

"You said, 'the murder's out!'"

"Did I?" he exclaimed, with a nervous laugh. "Murder, eh? Well, if it's my life against another man's—"

"Is it as bad as that, Jeremiah?"

"It is. I am in a fearful hole, and I must get out of it. Look here, mother. Ever since I was born you've been drumming in my ears that you cared for nothing in the world but me, that you lived only for me, that you loved no one but me, that you would do anything for me—never mind what—anything, anything! Is it true or a lie?"

"It is true, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, her thin lips set, but slightly parted, and her eyes glittering like cold steel. "If you're in danger, you must get out of it. If I can help you to get out of it, you have only to show me the way. You don't know what a woman like me—what a mother like me—is capable of. I will show you. A scoundrel has ruined you, and something must be done to save you. I understand; I understand. Whatever it is, if it is for me to do it, I am ready. I have never spoken one false word to you, and I won't say one word to you now to reproach you for not having confided in me before to-day. If you had made your fortune I was to share it. You are in trouble now, and I will share it. Give me a kiss, and say you love me!"

"I should be a beast if I didn't," said Jeremiah, kissing her. "You're something like a mother!"

"Jeremiah, if that venomous wretch Phœbe Farebrother had married you, would you be in danger now?"

"No; there would be nothing to trouble me if she hadn't rounded on me. I shouldn't have been compelled to do what I have done."

"Ah! She called you a reptile, and I am your mother. Oh, to be even with her—to be even with her!"

Half an hour afterward Jeremiah Pamflett was in the presence of Miser Farebrother. The miser received his managing clerk with more than graciousness; there was even cordiality in his manner, and had Jeremiah's usually clear mind not been unbalanced by the threatening clouds which hung above him, this apparently favorable demeanor would have rendered him suspicious, and put him on his guard. Experience had taught him that there was always mischief in the wind when Miser Farebrother's words were smooth and fair.

"I sent a telegram for you, Jeremiah," said Miser Farebrother.

"Yes, sir," said Jeremiah; "my mother told me so. Fortunately I was on my way to you."

"You have brought the books with you?"

"Here they are, sir."

"You anticipate my wishes, Jeremiah. What master was ever served as I am served by you—so conscientiously, so faithfully! Is the bank-book here? Yes, yes; I see it is. We will go into the accounts presently. Before I sent for you, Jeremiah, I was in great pain, and feared I had not long to live. That kind of feeling makes a man sad—it unsettles him, and he is apt to repine at the hard fate which seems determined to snatch him from all the joys of life. I have not had many of them, and the consolation I had looked forward to in your contemplated union with my ungrateful child has been denied me. You look tired, Jeremiah. Doubtless you have been up late at night attending to correspondence connected with the business, and running through the accounts."

"I have been working very hard," said Jeremiah.

"That is it. When I did the work myself I also used to sit up night after night poring over the books. An anxious mind, Jeremiah—an anxious mind. And you resemble me—oh, how you resemble me! What does a late night now and then matter to the young and strong? They can bear it; it leaves no ill effects behind. *I* could bear it once; *I* was once young and strong as you are; *I* was once filled with hope and enthusiasm. And now look at me. I am a wreck, a feeble wreck, scarcely able to contend with an infant. My strength gone, my hope and enthusiasm gone, my confidence gone in every being in the world with the exception of you and your mother. No reward can be too great for service so faithful. You are affected. I thank you, Jeremiah—I thank you. That sympathizing look, those genuine tears, testify to the friendship you bear toward me."

In point of fact, Jeremiah had taken his handkerchief from his pocket and had dabbed his forehead with it; and it was this action which Miser Farebrother chose to construe into an exhibition of sympathy. Jeremiah's face was damp with perspiration; he was bewildered by the flow of words which fell like honey from the miser's lips; bewildered also by the presence of the master he had wronged and robbed, of the man who held his fate in his hands. Lying back in his chair, Miser Farebrother seemed to have scarcely an hour's life in him; his strength seemed to be ebbing away, and death to be fast approaching. What if he were to die there, within the hour, while Jeremiah was in the room? Then all would be well. He could obtain possession of the valueless bracelet; he could obtain possession of the hoards of money which Miser Farebrother had put in some secret place, which, the miser dead, Jeremiah and his mother would have little difficulty in finding. Yes; then all would be well. Before he had presented himself to his master, he had confided to his mother all the particulars of the danger which threatened him, and they had debated what had best be done. His mother had said, "If Miser Farebrother were out of the way," and then had paused. If Miser Farebrother were out of the way! That is, if he were dead! Yes; if he were dead! "What then?" Jeremiah had asked, after a terrible silence, during which their minds were threading labyrinths of awful possibilities of action which would extricate Jeremiah from his peril. "What then, mother?" Jeremiah had asked. "Why, then," his mother had replied, "we could get the bracelet, and would find a means to restore it immediately to the lady from whom it had been stolen. It would have to be done carefully and secretly; it would be necessary that we should not be seen or suspected in the matter. The bracelet restored, the lady would have nothing to complain of. She has not been robbed of money; only we and the old man upstairs know where the money came from which was lent upon the bracelet, and only we should be the losers." "We could get his hidden treasure as well, mother," Jeremiah had said. "No one but ourselves knows of that. If it were necessary, we could leave England for a time." But this suggestion had been stoutly opposed by Mrs. Pamflett. "It would never do," she had said. "Our disappearance would draw instant suspicion upon us. We have managed for him so many years—I here in Parksides, you in the London office. No, Jeremiah; we must stop and brave it out. I am certain there would be very little to fear, and that neither the policeman nor the cabman would be able to identify you. Besides, the bracelet restored, there would be no charge. The lady's maid stole it, not you, and she will not come back. She is in sure hiding, and so is that monster Captain Ablewhite. You would be safe, Jeremiah—you would be safe." And then she repeated, "If Miser Farebrother were out of the way!" Already their dark thoughts had compassed the result. The means had not been mentioned or discussed, but they were ready for any expedient, however desperate, which would bring it about and remove the threatened danger. Mrs. Pamflett, to insure her son's safety, was prepared for any risk to herself, for any sacrifice.

And here, sitting within a few inches of Jeremiah, was the man whose death meant life and liberty for him—was the man who could make a felon of him, who could ruin him absolutely and for ever and ever! "If he were to die now in his chair!" thought Jeremiah. Then came the thought that Miser Farebrother was an old man, weak and nerveless, and that two strong hands around his neck would squeeze the life out of him in a very few moments. It would be soon over, and there would be an end to the tortures Jeremiah was suffering. Meanwhile Miser Farebrother was speaking again.

"Were those the office keys jingling in your pocket, Jeremiah, when you took out your handkerchief? Let me see them; it may be the last opportunity I shall have of handling the old friends. Yes, here they are, all on a single ring—the key of the office door, the key of the room in which you sleep, the keys of the safe and the deed and cash boxes. All here, all here! Have you duplicates of them? No! Then without these keys you could not enter the office, you could not open the safe! Come, old friends, into *my* drawer you go—and you are safely locked there, and the key in my pocket!"

And now, to Jeremiah's astonishment and consternation, Miser Farebrother rose to his feet and stood upright before his knavish clerk. All his apparent weakness had disappeared; his face was flushed with anger; in his eyes there was a look of stern resolution.

"I summoned you here," he said, and his firm voice struck terror to Jeremiah's heart, "to obtain not only an explanation but satisfaction from you. Doubtless you have read this."

He held out to Jeremiah the newspaper containing the account of the robbery of the diamond bracelet. Mechanically Jeremiah took the paper; but he did not look further than the heading: "A Strange Affair—The Biters Bit."

"Answer me," said the miser. "Have you read it?"

"No," faltered Jeremiah.

"How do you know you have not read it when you have scarcely glanced at the paper I have given you? That you lie is proved by your side pocket, which would not bulge out as it does if it did not contain a copy of this damnable strange affair, by which you have swindled me out of four thousand pounds."

"I did not swindle you," Jeremiah found courage to say. "I believed the diamonds were genuine."

"You lie again, and you will continue to lie. But it will not help you. I will have my money back! Do you hear, you thief?—I will have my money back, which you and your confederates have shared between you! I will not wait long for it. Before twelve o'clock to-morrow you shall count it out to me on this table. If you do not, you shall stand in the felon's dock. All your cunning shall not save you. I am a fool to give you one moment's grace. You thief! you scoundrel! you swindler! I will have my money! my money! my money! Have I not toiled for it all my life?—and now to find myself robbed by a scoundrel I snatched from the gutter! If you don't pay me what you have stolen from me I will so pursue you that your life shall be a slow torture. You shall wish you were dead; but you shall live to suffer. At least I will have revenge, and I will pay for it. I will have your heart's blood, to the last drop! My money! my money! my money!"

His passion exhausted him, and he was compelled to stop. His torrent of furious words had, in the first instance, overwhelmed Jeremiah with despair; but as the miser went on, this feeling was gradually replaced by one of fierce malignity. He grew cooler every moment.

"Do you wish to know why I wanted the books?" continued Miser Farebrother. "I will tell you. To-morrow they will be placed in the hands of an accountant, who shall go through them and examine them, and who will tell me the full extent of your robberies; for my eyes are opened now. I have been blind! blind! This swindle of the bracelet is not your only theft; there are others, and I will have them ferreted out, and you shall repay me to the last farthing. You thief! you have fattened upon the money you have stolen from me—you have grown rich by your knavery! Well, I will beggar you—every shilling you possess is mine, and I will have it. I leave it to you to judge whether I am in earnest or not, and whether I will do what I have threatened. Do you wish to know why I wanted the keys of the office and the safe? I will tell you. It is that you shall never again enter my doors—it is that it shall be out of your power to destroy the evidences of your guilt which are to be found there. Till twelve to-morrow—not one moment longer! Then, when restitution is made—full, complete restitution—you and your cat-mother shall pack, the pair of you! I will fling you both into the gutter, and if you rot and die there, so much the better! I will look down upon you and laugh. Is what I say plain enough?"

"Quite," replied Jeremiah, in whose heart now reigned a cold, ferocious cunning; but his voice was very humble. "You force me to confess."

"I thought I should succeed in that, at least. But no confessions will satisfy me without my money, you vile, ungrateful thief! My money! Do you hear?—my money!"

"You shall have it; you shall not lose one farthing by me."

"Good! good! You are rich, then? You have robbed me systematically? You villanous knave!"

"I am not rich. I have saved a little, and I have friends who will assist me in the misfortune which has overtaken me. I have not robbed you systematically; you do me an injustice, as you will learn when the accountant has gone through the books. I court inquiry—I invite it—I *will* have it now that you have accused me; I will compel you to admit that I have served you faithfully. My character is dear to me, and I will not allow you to cast suspicion upon it. As for the bracelet, I *did* believe that the stones were genuine; and if they *were* genuine they would have been worth ten times the sum you lent on them. I laugh at the public exposure with which you threaten me. Me it cannot harm; you, it can. For, after all, I am only your servant; you are the principal. That the business of the bracelet was introduced to me by a man whose character will not bear investigation is true. I did not know this at the time; but what if I did? He did not ask *me* to lend him the money, he asked me to apply to *you*. Is it the first questionable transaction you have been mixed up in? Perhaps I could give evidence on that point. It is pretty well known that Miser Farebrother would do anything for money; if he could sell his soul for it he would not hesitate long. You mustn't mind my speaking in this way; I have nothing to fear, and I am defending myself."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

Miser Farebrother was not in the least discomposed by Jeremiah's defence of himself. "Words! Jeremiah; words!" he said, with a sneering laugh. "Are you a fool as well as a rogue? What you have said is as so much air, and will not save you from the felon's fate. In everything I have done the law is on my side; I have seen to that. As to what is between us, let matters be settled quickly. You have saved a little, you say; you have friends who will assist you. Good! By noon to-morrow pay me the money you induced me to advance upon the bracelet. If this is not done, at one o'clock I will place it in the hands of the police, with a faithful description of the manner in which it came into my possession. The police are looking for you, you shallow knave, and I will set them on your track. Then see if you can save yourself. The office accounts will come afterward. If you have stolen, you shall repay—with interest, you thief!"

"I will not use abusive words in return," said Jeremiah. "There is nothing for which I am to blame, except the bracelet, and I was an innocent victim. You have it, of course?"

"Trust me for that," replied Miser Farebrother; "I have it safe enough. Do you think I have been simple enough to part with it?"

"Well, give it to me," said Jeremiah, "and before twelve to-morrow morning I will return you the money you advanced on it."

Miser Farebrother burst out into a loud laugh. "Give it to you, Jeremiah, and simply for the asking! You miserable knave! do you think I am in my second childhood? No, Jeremiah; no! When you give me back my money you shall have it—not till then. Fail in this restitution, and you have but a few hours of freedom before you. By my blood! by my life! I will abide by what I say!"

"Then there is an end of it," said Jeremiah, "and it *shall* be as you say. I must get back to London to-night, so that I may be here in time to-morrow."

"Be sure you *are* in time, Jeremiah."

"I *will* be sure," said Jeremiah, and left the room.

The moment he closed the door behind him he felt his mother's hand clasp his. She led him down the stairs, and Jeremiah, hearing the sound of his own footsteps, did not wonder that he did not hear hers. It would have been difficult, she trod so softly, and she had taken off her boots. She accompanied him like a spirit: not the only one which walked beside and before him. By his blood! By his life! Miser Farebrother's words. Well, it might come to that. What other road of escape was left open?

In the kitchen below, Mrs. Pamflett put her forefinger to her lips.

"Speak low, Jeremiah. I listened outside, and heard all. He has the heart of a devil! That is his gratitude for faithful service. His life has been in my hands for years past. I could have sent him to his grave and no one the wiser. I am your cat-mother, am I? And he will fling us into the gutter, and laugh at us? He and his daughter are a pair. He has had the best years of our lives, and he spits in our faces. Have you told me the whole truth, Jeremiah? About the books and the safe—is there anything against you there? Can he get you into further trouble?"

"Mother," said Jeremiah, "if he calls in an accountant, as he threatens to do, I am lost. There is no hope of escape for me. If I don't get back that bracelet, I am lost. And he has money, too, here, hidden away, and not a soul knows it but him and ourselves."

"Not a soul, Jeremiah."

"No one comes to the house but us?"

"Not a person has been here for a month past."

"But there comes here to-night, late, a man to see Miser Farebrother. It might be."

"It might be," his mother echoed, gazing at her son with a fierce expectancy in her eyes.

"This man has been here frequently before; he has been in the habit of coming once in every six or seven weeks, and Miser Farebrother expects and receives him. They talk in secret in Miser Farebrother's room, with the door locked. You are never admitted. You are sent to bed, and sometimes you have awoke in the middle of the night, and have heard sounds in the miser's room, which proved that the man was still there. You never knew at what hour he went away, but it must have been nearly always not earlier than two or three in the morning. It might be."

"It might be."

"That he came upon business is a reasonable construction, and that this business was of a nature which would not bear the light is another reasonable construction. Once, passing the miser's room on the way to your own, you heard them quarrelling, and you heard the miser say, 'I have but to lift my finger, and I could send you back to the hulks. I will give you twenty pounds for the bonds, and no more.' A reasonable story, mother?"

"Perfectly reasonable, Jeremiah. Living here in seclusion as he has done for so many years, with no servant but me, who is to dispute it? That is not the end, Jeremiah."

"That is not the end. To-night, late, the man comes again, and is admitted. You go to bed as usual, and leave them together as usual. To-morrow morning you get up, and wait for Miser Farebrother to ring his bell for breakfast. He does not ring it, mother," and Jeremiah put his lips close to her ear. "Can you guess the reason why he does not ring his bell?"

"I can guess the reason, Jeremiah," she replied, in a cold, malignant voice. "After to-morrow he will never raise his hand again."

"And I am safe," said Jeremiah.

"And you are safe, my dear, dear lad; and he is punished as he deserves to be."

"He has been in the grounds at night very often these last few weeks, mother?"

"Very often, Jeremiah."

"Whether he dies in the house or out of the house, the story holds good."

"The story holds good," she echoed.

"You can describe the man's dress and appearance: there is nothing like being exact in these matters: there are peculiarities about him by which you will be able to recognize him when he is arrested."

"Leave all that to me, Jeremiah. I will show you what I am capable of. And you—where will you be in the morning?"

"In the office in London, as usual, having possessed myself of the keys which he tricked out of me upstairs. Give me a drink of brandy—ah! that puts life into one! And some bread and meat—no, I cannot eat."

"You must, Jeremiah; you must! It will give you strength. That's right. Force yourself to eat. Don't drink much. Keep cool for what is to come. Now go—and keep out of sight. You must not be seen in the village. The monster upstairs never wanders near the beeches; you will be safe there. I will come to you in an hour or two."

Stealthily, warily, Jeremiah crept from the house, and proceeded in the direction indicated by his mother. The sun was setting, and blood was in the sky. It shone upon the rising ground and upon the topmost branches of the trees. His eyes did not rest upon the glories of a lovely sunset, but upon blotches and streaks of blood. Once, standing where he could not himself be seen, he turned to the house, and watched the blood-red stains in the windows. Behind the crimson panes lurid shadows moved; the rooms were alive with murderous shapes and forms engaged in fierce conflict. Above him and all around him lurked the spirit of murder.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### A DREAM OF AN ANGEL.

"Oh, Aunt Leth, Aunt Leth!" cried Phœbe. "Can nothing be done?—nothing, nothing?"

"I fear not, dear child," said Aunt Leth, in a voice of quiet despair. "Your uncle and I have thought of every possible way in which our dear home might be saved, but thinking and talking will not stave off impending ruin. To-morrow we shall be beggared and disgraced."

There was no light in the room. On a stool sat Uncle Leth, with his face buried in his hands; Aunt Leth sat on a chair by his side with her arm upon his neck, vainly striving to console him; Fanny lay upon the sofa, sobbing; Robert sat moodily in a corner. To-morrow the acceptance for three hundred pounds was due, and they had not a shilling to meet it.

They had been talking in the dark for an hour, and the parents had deemed it right that their children should be made acquainted with the blow that was about to fall upon them. Phœbe, as one of the family, could not be left in ignorance, although they would cheerfully have spared her the grief into which they were plunged. All was now known, and ruin stared them in the face.

Aunt Leth was the least demonstrative of the group, and she suffered perhaps the most. Her trembling limbs, her quivering voice, her pitiful glances as her eyes wandered around, denoted the agony of her soul. Phœbe could not bear to look toward her. Dark as was the room, she saw and understood it all, and she was racked with anguish.

Had it been any other person than Jeremiah Pamflett from whom the money had been borrowed, they believed that some respite would have been granted them; but he was their bitterest enemy, and they were convinced that he was the moving spirit through whom the relentless decree had been issued that not a day's grace would be allowed. Troubles and griefs had fallen to the lot of Aunt Leth in the course of her happy married life, and she had met them cheerfully; but this overwhelming stroke had broken her down. There are shocks against which the bravest cannot contend, and this was one.

"It is I," suddenly cried Uncle Leth, starting up, and pacing the room in a frenzy of excitement—"It is I who have brought this ruin and disgrace upon the beloved ones I should have shielded and protected! This is how I have repaid them for the love which has been showered upon me! Wretch that I am!—I do not deserve to live!"

They clung about him, and besought him to be calm. They called him by the most endearing names. Only Phœbe did not move from her chair.

It was terrible to witness his agony; but so sweet and tender and true were their ministerings that they succeeded in their loving endeavors. He burst into tears, and sank upon the stool, and laid his head upon his wife's knees.

"This morning," he said, presently, in a voice so pitiful that their tears flowed afresh, "as I walked to the bank I had a dream of hope. It was foolish, I know, and neither manly nor practical—for life's troubles are not to be surmounted by dreams—but I could not help it. These dreams have happened to me, and I should have done my duty better to my dear ones here had I not encouraged them." He passed his hand across his forehead with the air of a man upon whom a sudden mental bewilderment had fallen. "What was I saying, mother?"

"You had a dream of hope," said Aunt Leth, raising his hand to her lips and kissing it, "as you walked to the bank this morning."

"I do not remember what it was," he said, helplessly; "only that an angel came forward and saved us."

Phœbe stole softly out of the room—so softly through the darkness that they did not for a little while observe her absence. To a certain extent she had kept aloof from them during the last hour.

She went up to the bedroom occupied by her and Fanny. She wanted to be alone to think. What was it her uncle had said? That an angel had come forward and saved them! The words impressed themselves upon her mind.

How kind these dear ones had been to her from her earliest remembrance! Giving her ever of their best, eager that she should share their joys and pleasures, making dresses for her, and bringing light into her life, which but for them would have been utterly devoid of it. How sweet, how good they had been!

What had she given them in return? Nothing. True, they had not asked for anything, had not expected anything. All the more precious their tender services of love.

Their more than love. The unselfish sacrifices they had made for her, of which they spoke never a word. Not to be measured by a human standard.

It was only on the afternoon of this dolorous day that it had come to her knowledge that her aunt had paid a doctor's bill for her of some seven or eight pounds, and she knew that her illness must have considerably increased the household expenses of the once happy home, now on the point of being wrecked.

An angel had come forward to save them. No, not an angel, but a loving, grateful girl. It was in her power, at least, to make an effort which by a happy chance might be successful. She could go to her father and appeal to him. She would humble herself to him; she would implore him on her knees; she would promise to obey him in everything—

"In everything?" Yes, in everything. She shuddered as she thought of Jeremiah Pamflett. But even that sacrifice she would make if all else failed.

The effort must be made at once—this very night—and it must be made without first consulting Aunt Leth. Full well did she know that the dear woman would divine the sacrifice she was prepared to make, and would endeavor to prevent it.

She put on her hat and mantle, and quietly left the house. A few doors down the street she met 'Melia Jane.

"Why, Miss Phœbe!" cried that model servant-of-all-work. "Where are you going all alone?"

"If my aunt or my cousin asks for me," said Phœbe, hurriedly, "tell them I have gone to Parksides to see my father."

Before 'Melia Jane could reply, Phœbe had turned the corner of the street, and was hastening to the railway station.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MISS WOLFE'S PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The one hundred and twenty paintings bequeathed by the late Miss Wolfe to the Metropolitan Museum may be said to represent in a sufficiently complete way the Academic French and German schools of painting in our immediate time. The poetic or romantic art of our day in those countries is represented by only a few scattered examples, mostly of small importance, and it is plain that in the selection of her pictures Miss Wolfe was guided by a liking for the art that was in vogue in her day, and that pleased the taste of the world in which she lived. This gives consistency and a certain historic value to the collection, and if disappointment has been expressed in the general character of the contents of the gallery, it is no doubt owing somewhat to the fact that the taste of our public, and especially that of the younger portion of it, has undergone a remarkable change in the last ten years. Before that time, to parody the words of Dante, we may say:

> "Meissonier thought
> To lord it over Painting's field, but now
> The cry is Millet's, and his fame's eclipsed."

However, as fashions in art change slowly, and survive in certain quarters long after the change about them has become general, it would be strange if the pictures that compose this collection were not still able to count on a goodly number of admirers. The artists who are represented here are shown in capital works, and doubtless they themselves would desire no better advocates in their behalf than the pictures which here record their fame and services.

At the southern end of the gallery hangs the portrait of Miss Wolfe painted by Alexander Cabanel, from sittings given in Paris in 1876. As a portrait subject it shows Cabanel at his best; he has succeeded better here than he has sometimes done in preserving the nationality of his sitter, but he has not wholly escaped the danger of subordinating the head to the dress. We have understood that as an artist Cabanel was a favorite with Miss Wolfe; another picture by him, and an unimportant one, "The Shulamite," hangs near the other end of the gallery. The Shulamite hears the voice of her lover, and rises to meet him; Cabanel has found in the languorous grace, the dark eyes, and rounded form of this Eastern beauty a subject well fitted to his art, and he has done with it all that he is capable of doing.

Grouped about the portrait of Miss Wolfe are some of the most famous of the pictures in the collection: the two Meissoniers, "A General and his Adjutant" and "The Brothers Adrien and William Van de Velde," both admirable examples of a man who, as he shows in his smaller pictures, is without doubt one of the great artists of his time; then, on the other side, the "Holy Family" of Knaus; and though this be not as characteristic a work of this artist as might be desired, yet as a picture which he himself valued highly, and which has certainly been very popular with the public, it deserves the place that has been given it in the gallery. The Vibert, "The Startled Confessor," which is also awarded a place of honor at this end of the room, is no doubt a good example of the artist: it is another episode in the long series of satirical commentaries on the Catholic clergy with which his name is so widely associated. The "Bather," by Heuner, which hangs near this rather broad escapade, is of the type so often painted by the artist, and is a first-rate example of his style. A picture by Léon Bonnat, "An Egyptian Fellah Woman and her Child," has been much praised, but seems to us more noticeable as an ethnographic study than as a painting. Nor are the examples of Rosa Bonheur, "A Limier-Briquet Hound" and "Weaning the Calves," remarkable specimens of her talent. But with the "Horse-Fair" so near at hand she can afford to show the more modest workings of her skill. Jules Breton's "Religious Procession in Brittany" is a crowded canvas showing a procession of peasants, each holding a lighted taper, coming out of church and passing between ranks of women, all holding lighted tapers. As a study, a faithful record of manners said to be rapidly passing away, such a work may be of value, but as a picture, as a composition even, its worth is slight.

Space fails us to notice even the names of the greater number of these pictures. We reserve our comments for the pictures that have a more purely artistic interest. One of the finest canvases here is the Decamps bought at the John Taylor Johnston sale in 1876, and always remembered as one of the choice gems in that excellent collection. We rejoice that it has now found a permanent home where it can be freely enjoyed by the public, and serve as a standard by which Decamps may be judged.

Another interesting picture is Couture's "Idle Student." Though a little larger than the replica of the same subject in the collection of Mr. Probasco, it does not seem to us that the boy's face is so fine; but no doubt the picture, as a whole, is a characteristic example of a painter who had much in him that will permanently interest the world.

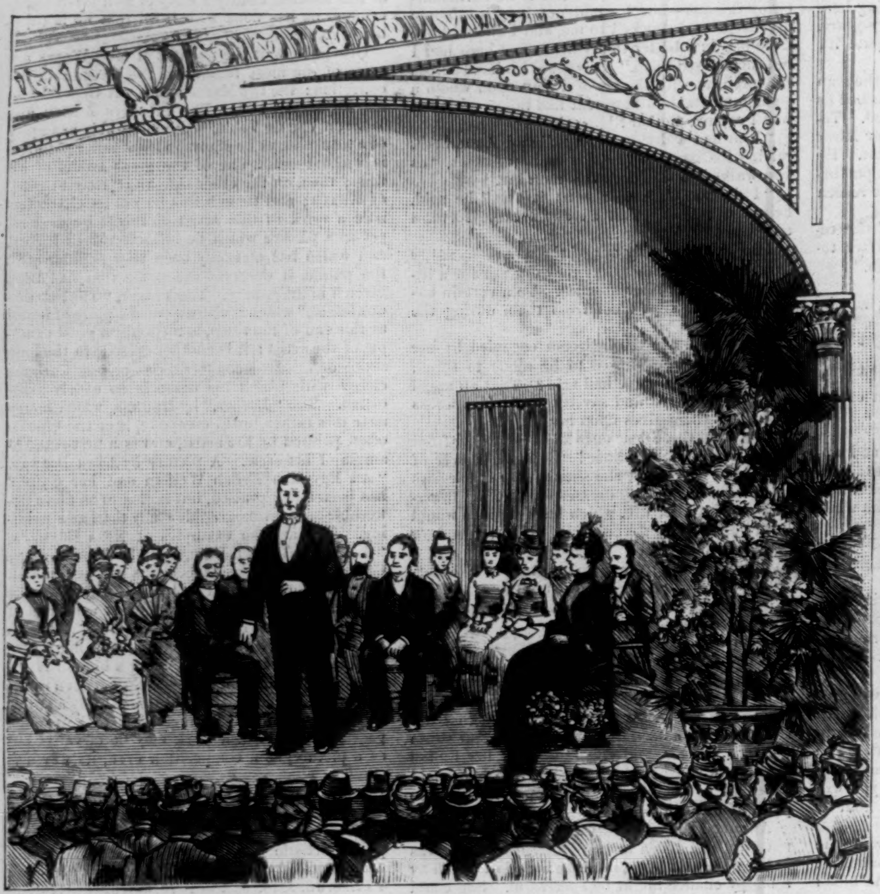
A fine Troyon, but less pictorial than we sometimes see, a pretty Rousseau, and several of Diaz's decorative and agreeable panels, a Corot which we wish were not a Corot, and one or two Duprés, where the artist does not shine with his accustomed charm—these we notice in passing, and wish, for our part, that this side of modern art had found more favor in the eyes of Miss Wolfe or her adviser. Yet the collection cannot fairly be judged as it is shown to-day; it needs to be more classified in the hanging, and better opportunities given to many works that are now badly seen or not seen at all. Of course we understand that the present arrangement is only temporary, and that in the new gallery justice will be done to all the pictures, not only to those of Miss Wolfe, but to those in the other rooms. One of the pictures that has always had a great interest for us, the "Basse Cour," a "Farm-Yard," of Vollou, loses all its effect from hanging where it does. It is a noble work by one of the greatest of moderns, and deserves far better treatment.

## A NEW LEADER IN SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

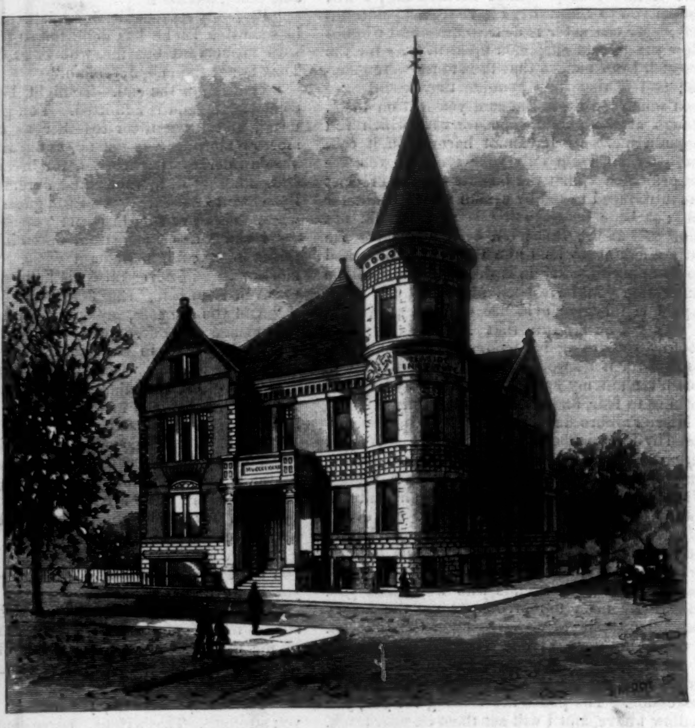
In 1884 the trustees of the University of Nashville proffered to Dr. Sears, the General Agent of the Peabody Education Fund, the use of their buildings and grounds for an institution which should be a monument to the memory of George Peabody—a college for the training of teachers for the higher positions in the public-school service of the South. The State of Tennessee, through its State Board of Education, co-operated in this movement, and the result has been the founding of an institution unique in its purpose and scope. The 114 Peabody scholarships attract to this college a select body of youth, and its graduates are becoming the leading teachers of the South.

The presidency of the college became vacant in April last by the death of Dr. Eben S. Sears, and the Hon. J. E. M. Curry, United States Minister to Spain, was commissioned to select his successor. On his return to this country in September he went at once to the West, and urged the presidency on Professor Payne, of the University of Michigan. Declined at first, the position was finally accepted, and on October 5th Professor Payne was formally installed Chancellor of the University of Nashville, and President of the Normal College.

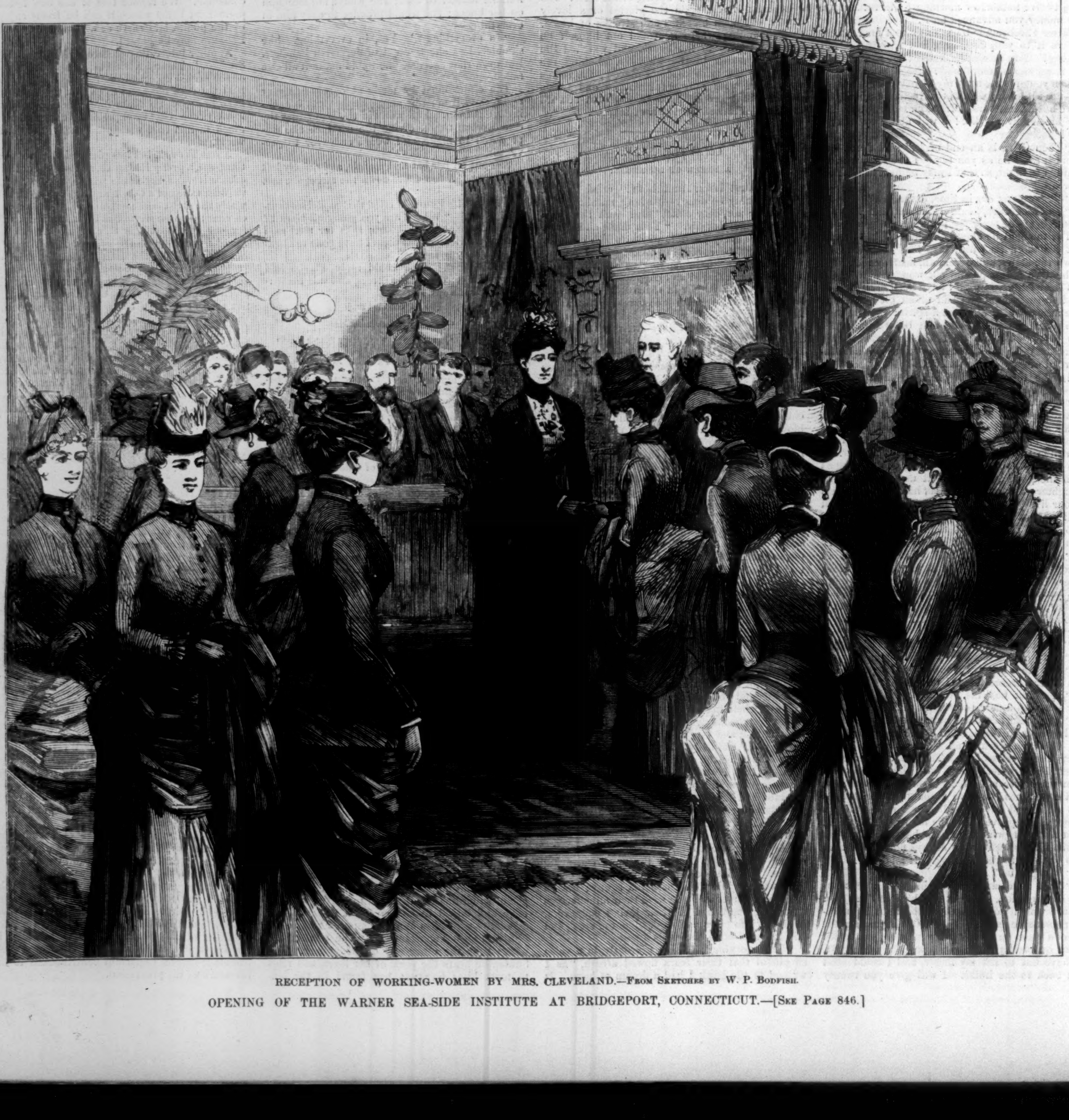
President Payne is a native of Farmington, Ontario County, New York, and, save three terms in Macedon Academy, was educated mainly in the country schools of his native town. After teaching for three years in Farmington and Victor, he removed in 1858 to Michigan, and supervised schools in succession at Three Rivers, Niles, Ypsilanti, and Adrian. In 1879 he was elected Professor of the Science and Art of Teaching, in the University of Michigan. President Payne has made several important contributions to the literature of his profession.



DR. I. D. WARNER MAKING THE DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

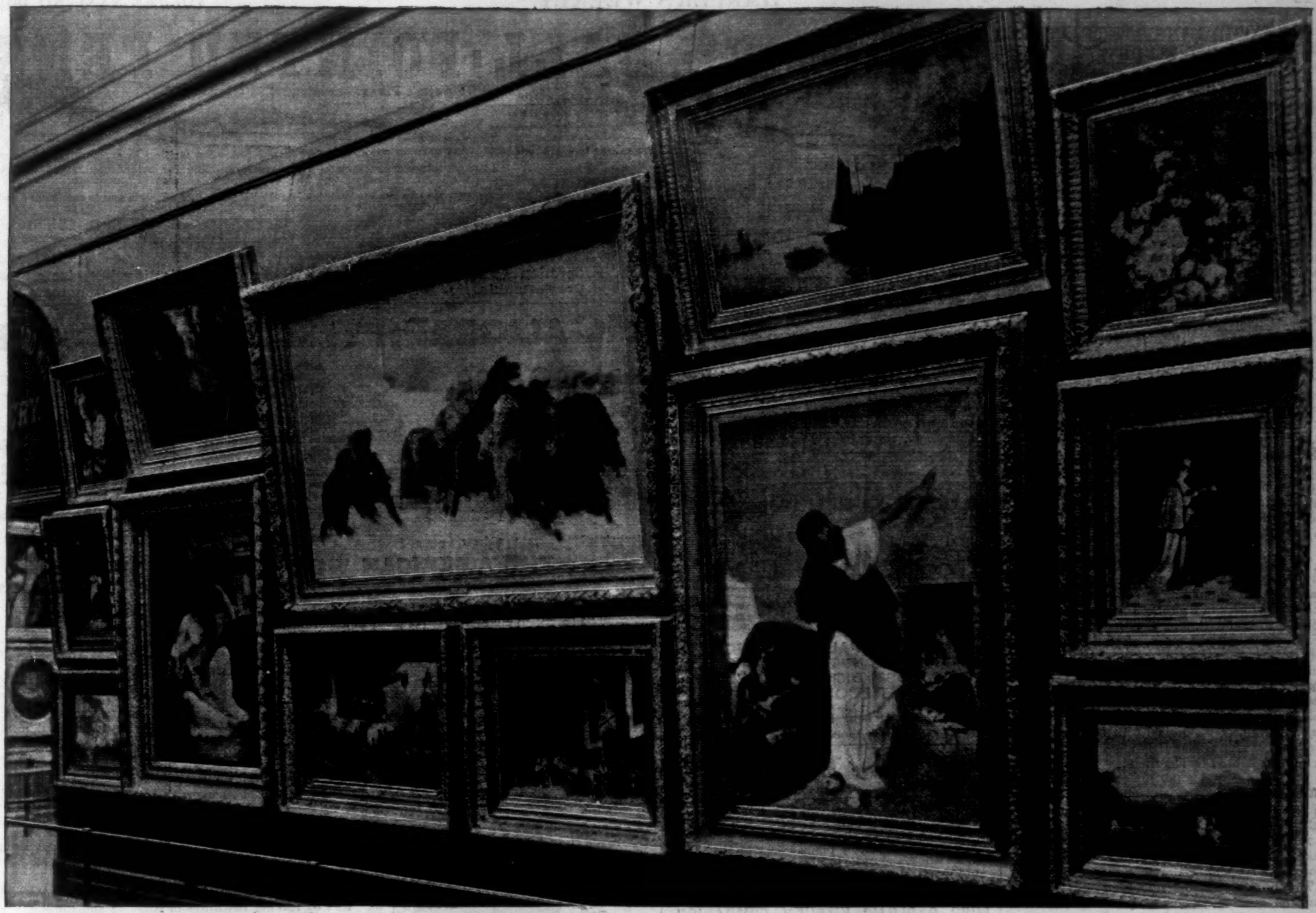


EXTERIOR OF THE HOME.

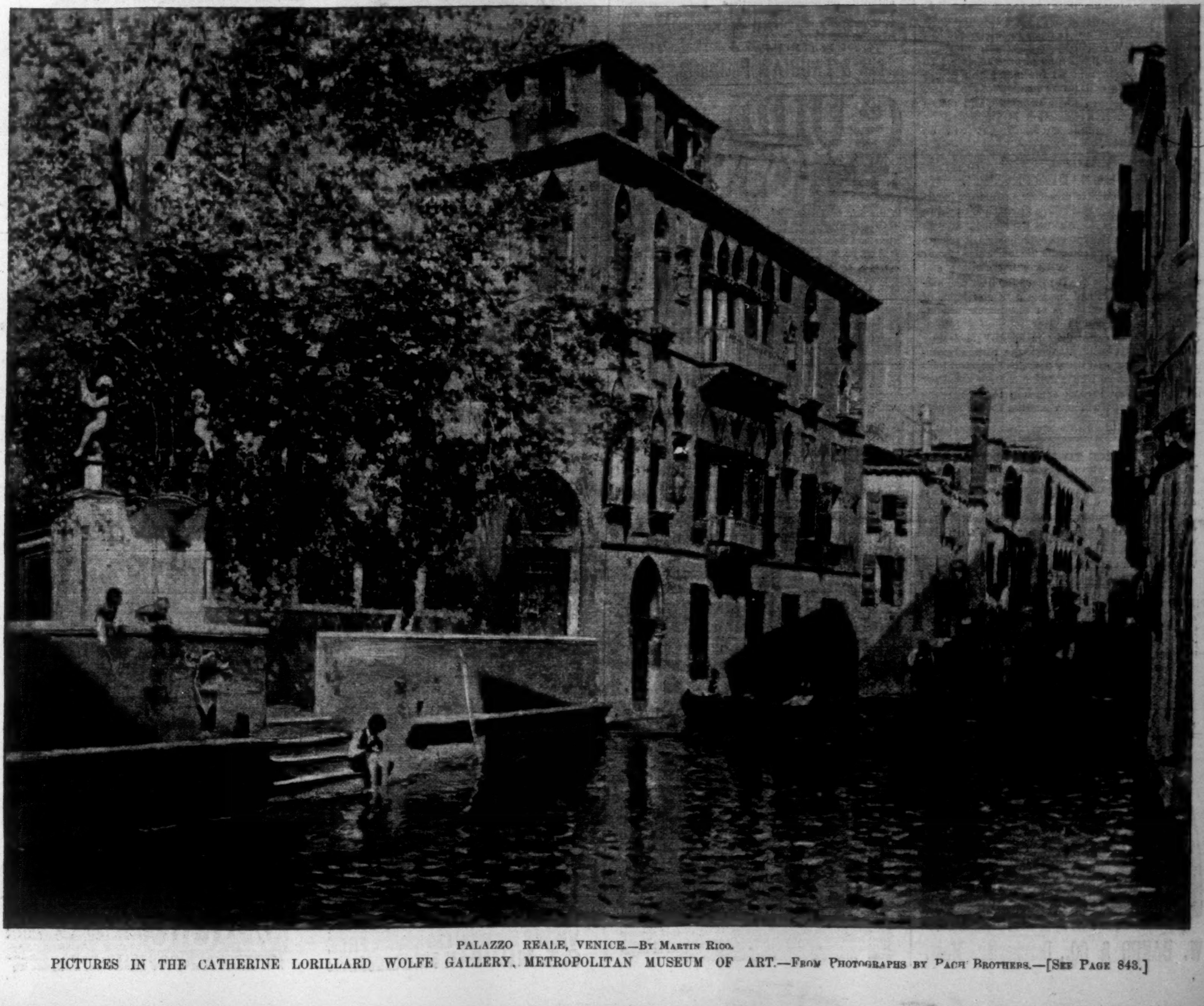


RECEPTION OF WORKING-WOMEN BY MRS. CLEVELAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. P. BODFISH.

OPENING OF THE WARNER SEA-SIDE INSTITUTE AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.—[SEE PAGE 846.]



A SECTION OF THE GALLERY.



PALAZZO REALE, VENICE.—By Martin Rico.

PICTURES IN THE CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE GALLERY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.—From Photographs by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 843.]

## SEA-SIDE INSTITUTE AT BRIDGEPORT.

SEA-SIDE INSTITUTE was established by the Messrs. WARNER BROTHERS, of Bridgeport, for the benefit of the eleven hundred working-girls in their employ. In establishing the Institute the projectors had no model, and were without experience of any similar enterprise, and yet the finished building seems to be in all respects admirable, and entirely calculated to fulfil its purposes. It was thrown open and formally dedicated on the evening of November 10th, in the presence of Mrs. CLEVELAND, the wife of the President of the United States, Colonel and Mrs. LAMONT, Mrs. FOLSOM, the mother of Mrs. CLEVELAND, the Rev. Dr. COLLYER and the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, of New York, Mr. P. T. BARNUM, and other distinguished guests. The eleven hundred employées of WARNER BROTHERS were addressed by Dr. TAYLOR and Dr. COLLYER, and by Dr. I. D. WARNER, who said that the object of the Institute was to contribute to the welfare and enjoyment of the women in WARNER BROTHERS' employ, and that it was contemplated finally to extend its privileges to other working-women in the city of Bridgeport. After the exercises Mrs. CLEVELAND held a reception, in the course of which she shook hands with upward of three thousand working-women. It is the ultimate purpose of the founders of Sea-side Institute to endow it and to turn it over to a board of trustees for the use of working-women permanently. In the mean time, experience will teach the proper rules for its conduct.

The Institute stands in the southern part of the city of Bridgeport, near the factory of WARNER BROTHERS. The building is seventy feet square, and three stories in height. The basement is red granite, rock-faced, and the upper stories are brown stone and red brick. The basement will contain a restaurant, and a kitchen with its appurtenances; the first story, a reading-room and library, a parlor, and music and toilet rooms; and the second story, a concert hall capable of holding five hundred persons, two class-rooms, and a sewing-room supplied with twelve sewing-machines. The whole building is warmed by steam and lighted by electricity. The main hall and the reading-room and library are finished in antique oak, the parlor and music-room in light cherry, and the uppermost story throughout in light ash. There are two grand-pianos in the concert hall and one in the music-room. The whole cost of building and furniture was a little more than sixty thousand dollars.

The library contains one thousand volumes, and the reading-room eighty newspapers and magazines. There will be free classes in vocal music, penmanship, and book-keeping, and the use of the sewing-machines is free. The toilet-room contains six bath-tubs, with hot and cold water. The restaurant is open to all persons in the employ of WARNER BROTHERS, both men and women. Board is fixed for the present at $2 75 a week for women, and $3 for men; and prices for single meals will be at proportionate rates. The idea is simply to cover expenses, and prices will be reduced if a reduction is warranted by experience. A general entertainment will be given once a week.

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[*Adv.*]

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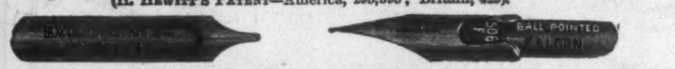

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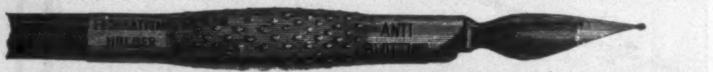

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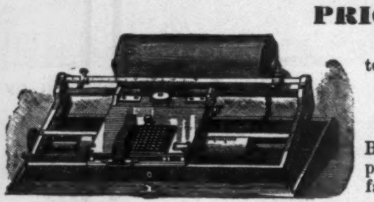

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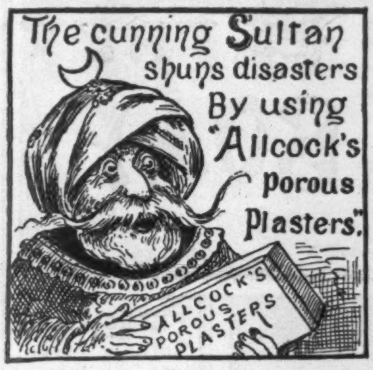
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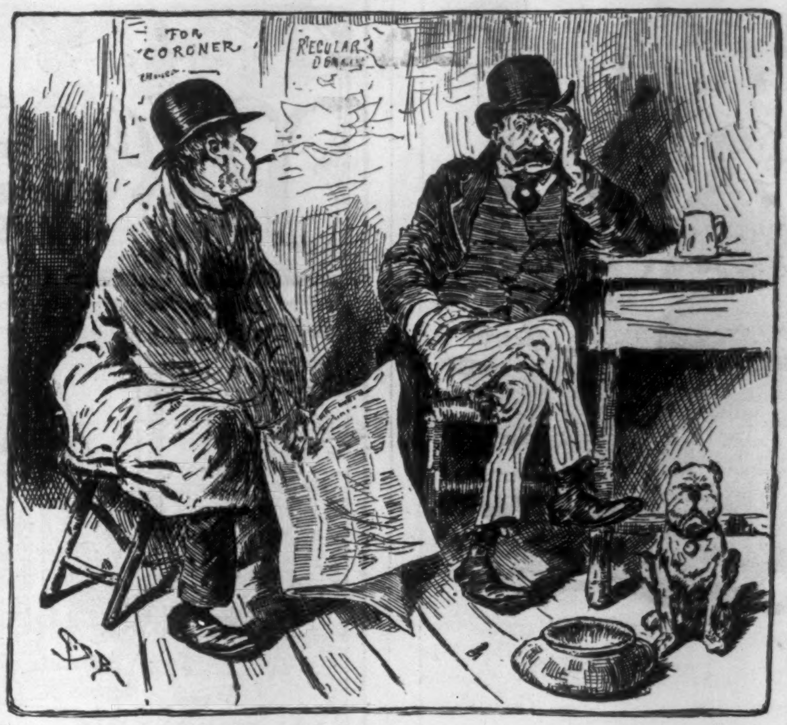

**DEFEATED.**

"No matter, Jimmy, if you were not elected, you can just bury the dead past, and trust for better luck in the future."

"Sure 'n I wasn't sthrivin' for the *did* that's past, I was after the future birryin', 'n the other feller's got it—it was fur *Corowner* I was runnin'."

THE PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES SENATE
ON SHAVING.

[*Special to the "N. Y. Tribune."*]

WASHINGTON, September 11th, 1887.

Senator Ingalls is in town on his way to Philadelphia, where he is to take part in the celebration of the Constitution's centennial. He was seen by a reporter of the *Post*, to whom, in reply to a question as to the object of his visit, he delivered a learned disquisition on shaving.

"I think a man looks better when he is shaved. Every man should shave. I always shave myself. As part of one's regular toilet every morning it does not take much time, and it does not cost more than a cent. Take my advice—shave.

"Buy a Swedish razor; the Swedish is the best; it will cost you $2.00, while an ordinary razor would cost you only $1.00; but it is worth the difference. Then be sure and get a badger's-hair brush; the hog's bristle is not the thing that a gentleman wants. Get a badger's-hair brush at any price—it won't cost much. In buying a cup you can exercise your own good taste, but be sure you use no soap but WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Senator Ingalls has the reputation of being the most fastidious of our public men, and it is not strange that he should so emphatically endorse Williams' Soap.

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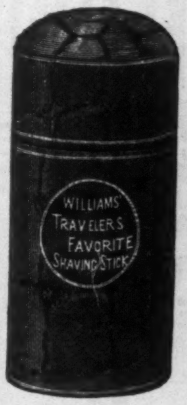
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